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### SUMMARY OF NEWS.

—513—

#### Politics of Europe.

**Distress in Ireland.**—Our readers will see that the Appeal to the Benevolence of the country on behalf of our distressed brethren of Ireland has not been made in vain. The attendance of the 7th of May at the City of London Tavern was numerous and highly respectable, and what is still more consequence, the subscriptions were of a magnitude suitable to the occasion.

We hope the present distress will inspire those who have the power, with the desire to apply themselves in good earnest to remedy the evils which render Ireland the scene of almost continual calamity. Let them take to heart, as they ought, the sentiments contained in the manly speech of Mr. Grant. If vigorous and searching measures are not adopted, we may depend upon it, that we shall soon have ample cause for repentance.

In a short but excellent Pamphlet, just published, entitled "Considerations on the present state of Ireland, and on the best means of improving the condition of its inhabitants," it is among other things stated, that "Schools are by law directed to be established in every diocese (12 Eliz.); one-third of the support of which ought to be supplied by the ordinary, and the remaining two-thirds are made a charge on the Clergy at large. Yet it was stated by the Irish Secretary, in 1811 (Mr. Pole), that less than only out of twenty-two dioceses were founded with such Schools. In other words, it appeared that twelve out of twenty-two of the richly endowed Bishops of Ireland, had neglected one of the most important duties of their high station.

"By the 11th Report of the Irish Commissioners of Education (reprinted 10th July, 1821), it also appears that every incumbent appointed to a living in Ireland takes a solemn oath to the following effect:—

'I, A. B. do solemnly swear, that I will teach, or cause to be taught, within the said Vicarage or Rectory of —, one school as the law in that case requires.'

"It also appears, that a great proportion of the regular clergy have altogether omitted to perform this solemn engagement, ratified as it is by an oath. This is a most melancholy and awful fact; and the result unfortunately is, that the parish schools, which Mr. Pole considered, in 1813, as calculated to educate 120,000 scholars, did not, at that period, contain above 23,000. Thus the richest church establishment in Europe is that which furnishes the most extraordinary and unpardonable instances of indifference to the obligations which its Ministers are bound to fulfil. Ought not these errors to be corrected, if the church wishes to deserve public confidence and esteem, and to be protected in the enjoyment of its immense revenues?"

What will foreign nations think of us when they learn that the altar of a country, boasting of a reformed religion, is surrounded to this extent with robbery of the poor and perjury?—To Catholicism we are far from being friendly; but it is but justice to state, that the charities connected with the Catholic Church, are generally administered with tolerable honesty, and that it never allows such scandalous and demoralizing examples, as those to which we have alluded, to be set by its Ministers. But we fear the malignant influence to which we owe so many other evils, will prevent the application of other remedies here;

or we cannot but remember the opposition Mr. Brougham encountered in his noble endeavours to wrest from the Aristocracy and the Church the funds derived by charity in England for the education and support of the poor, on which they had seized; and the *ex post facto* law passed to ruin Wright, the informer, for the sake of protecting Clergymen from paying the penalty awarded by law against a gross neglect of duty.

The author of the Pamphlet above alluded to has extracted from the Criminal Records of Ireland, appalling proofs of the rapid growth of crime. But need we be astonished at this, when we learn, that "the Cottage of the Illicit Distiller becomes the trysting place where deeds of murder and violence are planned. The Magistrates and Country Gentlemen, who from selfish motives of profit have encouraged the illegal manufacture of spirits, are placed in the power of the lower orders. If they threaten the peasant with the constable, he may hand them over to the Exciseman, and a loss of all weight and respectability of character on the one hand, and an impunity for crime on the other follow as fatal but inevitable consequences."

Our wonder is that the Irish under a system, rotten and corrupt in every part, have still so many virtues. We are not surprised at the growth of crime, nor at the general hostility to justice. In the eloquent language of this writer, "the Poor, abandoned to despair and the Court of Chancery, looking with horror on both alternatives, endeavour to procure for themselves a wild sort of justice, becoming at once parties, judges, and executioners;" and "Captain Rock and Lieutenant Starlight volunteer their services in aid of the venerable Doctors of Civil Law, and the Learned Judges in the Courts of Equity."

**Distress in Ireland.**—A most numerous and highly respectable Meeting was held on the 7th of May at the City of London Tavern, for the purpose of taking into consideration the present deplorable situation of the inhabitants of the southern provinces of Ireland, and to raise Subscriptions to alleviate their sufferings.

Shortly after one o'clock, the Committee, and the Gentlemen with whom the project originated, entered the room, and T. Wilson, Esq. M. P. was called to the Chair.

The CHAIRMAN said a difficulty had arisen which had created some little doubt on his part, but that doubt had been wholly removed. It was relative to the propriety of the Gentlemen who had come forward on the present occasion not having first consulted with Government, after the public expression of feeling relative to the distresses of the Irish peasantry. A communication had, however, been made, and no offence would be given by individuals previously entering into subscriptions.

Mr. ROWENORR begged to correct an error into which the Honourable Chairman had fallen, relative to a communication with Ministers. Nothing of that kind had occurred, though late last night a communication, not only very agreeable but very honourable, had been received from the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, inclosing a subscription of 200*l.* (applause); another from the Right Hon. N. Vansittart, containing a donation of 200*l.* (applause); and the third from Lord Liverpool, also containing 200*l.* (continued applause).

Mr. WILSON explained, that seeing a letter before him he had taken it for granted that a communication had been made.

Mr. REED moved, that a "Subscription be now commenced to relieve the distresses now existing in several provinces in the south of Ireland." Carried unanimously.

A GENTLEMAN read extracts from letters, dated—the one on the 22d April, from Tulla, in the County of Clare, which gave a most heart-rendering picture of the state of that part of Ireland. The bark had been torn from the trees, the young wheats repeatedly reaped, and the rose-leaves carefully preserved; in fact, the writer described the peasantry to be in a state of famine, and to be under the greatest dread of fever from the want of nutritive food. There were 20,000 persons without the means of subsistence, and double that number who could not obtain food more than once in 24 hours. The centre of the County of Clare felt the distress more acutely than some other parts, as its fields were formerly particularly fine pasture lands, on which, during the war, cattle were fed for the use of Government, but which, after the peace, were turned by their owners from necessity to other purposes.

Mr. SMITH bore testimony that the description of the distresses in Ireland was not an exaggerated one.

Mr. ROWCROFT said there were at present the names of forty gentlemen down, and he requested the names of others, as a Committee could not be too extensive on such a subject.

Mr. WILSON proposed the name of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

His Grace said he had no objection to have his name added, but he feared he should be but a useless Committee-man. However, if his name could render the slightest benefit, he was perfectly willing. His Grace was added to the Committee, as were the Marquess of Conyngham, the Earl of Blesinton, Sir Charles Grant, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Spring Rice, the Lord Mayor, Sheriff, several of the Aldermen, and a long list of Gentlemen.

Mr. ROWCROFT informed the meeting that a lady, who insisted that her name should not be made known, had freighted a vessel with forty tons of potatoes and ten tons of herrings, for the relief of the poor in Ireland.

Mr. MAHAN, of Cork, in proposing the Duke of Devonshire, gave his unqualified approbation to the plan suggested from the Chair of relieving the distress.

Mr. ROWCROFT read the list of subscriptions. Among them were the Earl of Blesinton, 100l.; John Smith, Esq. 100l.; Archbishop of Canterbury, 100l.; Archbishop of York, 100l.; the Marquess of Conyngham, 100l.; the Marquess of Headfort, 300l.; Reed, Irvine and Co. 100l.

Mr. GWYNNE said, he had also a list of subscriptions. Amongst which was that of Lord Milton, 100l. but as he had been given to understand that nothing farther was intended, than entering into the subscription, and appointing a Committee, he had not got them with him.

Want of room precludes us from giving any further Report of the proceedings of the Meeting, which separated after a very large subscription had been first collected.

*Licenses.*—Beer has fallen this day a halfpenny a pot, but this is not sufficient. The public brewers, no doubt, have a just right to charge for their property just what they please, but the people have an equally just right to expect from their Government permission to buy their Beer where they can procure it cheapest. They therefore hope that some law will be enacted, by which every person who pleases so to employ his capital and abilities, may have free permission to sell his beer, and this can only be accomplished in justice to the poor man, by repealing the present Duty on beer, which the public brewer pays, and placing the same amount on malt. The trade can never be thrown open until this be done, in addition to granting permission for any person to sell beer who keeps an orderly house. It is well known, that under the present Licensing System, when the tenant has complained to the landlord that his custom was leaving him on account of the bad quality of the Beer which he was forced to sell, the answer on more occasions than one

has been a recommendation from the landlord to get a fiddler into the house, which, in one way or another, would increase the consumption. This is a good plan for keeping a house orderly under the present licensing system. Mr. Buxton's explanation of the preference given by the Magistrates to his house, Messrs. HANBURY and Co., is anything but satisfactory to the inhabitants of London. The evil in a country town is, however, ten times greater, for there the poor have no choice. They must either drink what is given to them, and that at a high price, or want.

*Foreign Corn.*—The House of Commons is employing itself at present to little purpose in regulating the future importation of Foreign Corn. The whole quantity imported since 1791, until the present period, is little more than one year's consumption of England and Scotland, taking one quarter of Wheat annually to each soul; and if any thing like 15s. a quarter of duty was imposed, the importation in one year would not exceed a week or ten days' consumption. All the plans at present before the House do not give permission for foreign importation of Grain until the average price of Wheat is advanced to a value, which nothing short of famine can ever make it, as long as gold and silver continue the currency of the kingdom. An effectual redress for Agricultural Distress may be produced by natural causes. A free importation of foreign grain would deprive the different nations of Europe of all their excuses for placing restrictions on our commerce, to make trade as free as air will instantly enable the British merchant to give remunerating wages to the productive classes, and when the people have money to pay for their wants, consumption of agricultural produce will be doubled. The farmer will lose not more than ten days' consumption of grain annually by foreign importation, and he will reap the benefit of steady demand and fair prices for all he can grow during the remainder of the year. A short time, probably, will prove the advantage of liberal intercourse.

*Mr. Long Wellesley.*—By the sale of the furniture and the materials of Wanstead House, and the letting of a portion of the land on building leases, Mr. Long Wellesley, it is said, will add upwards of 10,000l. per annum to his income.

*Enormous Whale.*—An enormous whale came on shore at Bekhith, near Cormer, in the morning of Friday se'night. Although of large dimensions, it was evidently wasted in its original size. It measured in length 57 feet, the extremity of the tail was 13 feet wide, the jawbones 14 feet long, tongue 9 feet long and 4 feet broad. It produced but little oil, and, from its wasted appearance, the whalebone is of small value. The jaws were extracted, and intended as a present for Lord Suffield, but the tide unfortunately washed them away from the shelf of a cliff on which they were laid.—*Bury Gazette.*

*A Press for the Blind.*—A journal printed at Geneva thus announces a very interesting invention:—A Press for the Blind. —A lady, deprived of sight from her birth, but distinguished for her wit, her talents, and good temper, conceived that it might be possible to communicate her thoughts to her family and friends by means of printing, if some skilful mechanic would invent for her a press and give her the necessary instructions to make use of it—the application and patience for its accomplishment becoming afterward entirely her own. She addressed herself to our countryman, Mons. Francols Huber, the celebrated historian of the Bees, to whom she had the advantage of being related; in addition to which a community of misfortune (for he also is blind) increased the interest he had in gratifying her request, thereupon his own genius, and that of his servant, Claude Lachet, a man endowed with the highest degree of natural talent for mechanics, were strongly excited. They went to work, and the press was invented; and being finished by Claude, who sent with it a collection of type to the amiable suggester of the plan, who soon made herself mistress most completely of this invaluable means of communicating her ideas. We have seen a letter of 33 lines addressed to her happy benefactor, composed and printed by herself with common ink, without a literal error, or a single typographical irregularity.



# Lord Byron's Writings.

FROM THE LAST NUMBER OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

*Sardanapalus, a Tragedy. The Two Foscari, a Tragedy. Cain, a Mystery.*  
By Lord Byron. 8vo. pp. 410. Murray, London, 1822.

It must be a more difficult thing to write a good play—or even a good dramatic poem—than we had imagined. Not that we should, *a priori*, have imagined it to be very easy; but it is impossible not to be struck with the fact, that, in comparatively rude times, when the resources of the art had been less carefully considered, and Poetry certainly had not collected all her materials, success seems to have been more frequently, and far more easily obtained. From the middle of Elizabeth's reign till the end of James's, the drama formed by far the most brilliant and beautiful part of our poetry,—and indeed of our literature in general. From that period to the Revolution, it lost a part of its splendour and originality; but still continued to occupy the most conspicuous and considerable place in our literary annals. For the last century, it has been quite otherwise—our poetry has ceased almost entirely to be dramatic; and, though men of great name and great talent have occasionally adventured into this once fertile field, they have reaped no laurels, and left no trophies behind them. The genius of Dryden appears nowhere to so little advantage as in his tragedies; and the contrast is truly humiliating when, in a presumptuous attempt to heighten the colouring, or enrich the simplicity of Shakespeare, he bedaubed with obscenity, or deforms with rant, the genuine passion and profligacy of Antony and Cleopatra—or intrudes on the enchanted solitude of Prospero and his daughter, with the tones of wordly gallantry, or the caricatures of affected simplicity. Otway, with the sweet and mellow diction of the former age, had none of its force, variety, or invention. Its decaying fires burst forth in some strong and irregular flashes, in the disorderly scenes of Lee; and sunk at last in the ashes and scarcely glowing embers of Rowe.

Since his time—till very lately—the school of our ancient dramatist has been deserted; and we can scarcely say that any new one has been established. Instead of the irregular and comprehensive plot—the rich discursive dialogue—the ramblings of fancy—the magic creations of poetry—the rapid succession of incidents and characters—the soft, flexible, and ever-varying diction—and the flowing, continuous, and easy-verseification which characterized those masters of the golden time, we had tame, formal, elaborate, and stately compositions—meagre stories—few personages—characters decorous and consistent, but without nature or spirit—a guarded, timid, classical diction—ingenious and methodical disquisitions—turgid or sententious declamations—and a solemn and monotonous strain of versification. Nor can this be ascribed, even plausibly, to any decay of genius among us; for the most remarkable failures have fallen on the highest talents. We have already hinted at the miscarriages of Dryden. The exquisite taste and fine observation of Addison, produced only the solemn mawkishness of Cato. The beautiful fancy and generous affections of Thomson, were chilled and withered as soon as he touched the verge of the Drama, where his name is associated with a mass of verbose puerility, which it is difficult to conceive could ever have proceeded from the author of the Seasons and the Castle of Indolence. Even the mighty intellect, the eloquent morality, and lofty diction of Johnson, which gave too tragic and magnificent a tone to his ordinary discourse, failed altogether to support him in his attempt to write actual tragedy; and Irene is not only unworthy of the imitator of Juvenal and the author of Rasselas and the Lives of the Poets, but is absolutely, and in itself, nothing better than a tissue of wearisome and unimpassioned declamations. We have named the most celebrated names in our literature, since the decline of the drama almost to our own days; and if they have neither lent any new honours to the stage, nor borrowed any from it, it is needless to say, that those who adventured with weaker powers had no better fortune. The Mourning Bride of Congreve, the Revenge of Young, and the Douglas of Home, [we cannot add the Mysterious Mother of Walpole—even to please Lord Byron], are almost the only tragedies of the last age that are familiar to the present; and they are evidently the works of a feebler and more effeminate generation—indicating, as much by their exaggerations as by their timidity, their own consciousness of inferiority to their great predecessors—whom they affected, however, not to imitate, but to supplant.

But the native taste of our people was not thus to be seduced and perverted; and when the wits of Queen Anne's time had lost the authority of living authors, it asserted itself by a fond recurrence to its original standards, and a resolute neglect of the more regular and elaborate dramas by which they had been succeeded. Shakespeare, whom it had been the fashion to decry and even ridicule, as the poet of a rude and barbarous age,\* was reinstated in his old supremacy: and when his legitimate progeny could no longer be found at home, his spurious issue

\* It is not a little remarkable to find such a man as Goldsmith joining in this pitiful sneer. In his Vicar of Wakefield, he constantly represents his famous town ladies, Miss Carolina Amelia Wilhelmina

were hailed with rapture from foreign countries, and invited and welcomed with the most eager enthusiasm on their arrival. The German imitations of Schiller and Kotzebue, caricatured and distorted as they were by the aberrations of a vulgar and vitiated taste, had still so much of the raciness and vigour of the old English drama, from which they were avowedly derived, that they instantly became more popular in England than any thing that her own artists had recently produced; and served still more effectually to recal our affections to their native and legitimate rulers. Then followed republications of Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ford, and their contemporaries—and a host of new tragedies, all written in avowed and elaborate imitation of the ancient models. Miss Baillie, we rather think, had the merit of leading the way in this return to our old allegiance—and then came a volume of plays by Mr. Chenevix, and a succession of single plays, all of considerable merit, from Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Maturin, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Cornwall, and Mr. Milman. The first and the last of these names are the most likely to be remembered; but none of them, we fear, will ever be ranked with the older worthies; nor is it conceivable that any age should ever class them together.

We do not mean, however, altogether to deny, that there may be some illusion, in our habitual feelings, as to the merits of the great originals—consecrated as they are, in our imaginations, by early admiration, and associated, as all their peculiarities, and the mere accidents and oddities of their diction now are, with the recollection of their intrinsic excellences. It is owing to this, we suppose, that we can scarcely venture to ask ourselves, steadily, and without an inward startling and feeling of alarm, what reception one of Shakespeare's irregular plays—the Tempest for example, or the Midsummer Night's Dream—would be likely to meet with, if it were now to appear for the first time, without name, notice, or preparation? Nor can we pursue the hazardous supposition through all the possibilities to which it invites us, without something like a sense of impiety and profanation. Yet, though some little superstition may mingle with our faith, we must still believe it to be the true one. Though time may have hallowed many things that were at first but common, and accidental association imparted a charm to much that was in itself indifferent, we cannot but believe that there was an original sanctity which time only matured and extended—and an inherent charm from which the association derived all its power. And when we look candidly and calmly to the works of our early dramatists, it is impossible, we think, to dispute, that after criticism has done its worst on them—after all deductions for impossible plots and fantastical characters, unaccountable forms of speech, and occasional extravagance, indelicacy and horrors—there is a facility and richness about them, both of thought and of diction,—a force of invention, and a depth of sagacity—an originality of conception and a play of fancy—a nakedness and energy of passion, and, above all, a copiousness of imagery, and a sweetness and flexibility of verse, which is altogether unrivalled, in earlier or in later times;—and places them, in our estimation, in the very highest and foremost place among ancient or modern poets.

It is in these particulars that the inferiority of their recent imitators is most apparent—in the want of ease and variety—originality and grace. There is, in all their attempts, whatever may be their other merits or defects, an air of anxiety and labour—and indications, by far too visible, at once of timidity and ambition. This may arise, in part, from the fact of their being, too obviously and consciously, imitators. They do not aspire so much to rival the genius of their originals, as to copy their manner. They do not write as they would have written in the present day, but as they imagine they themselves would have written two hundred years ago. They revive the antique phraseology, repeat the venerable oaths, and emulate the quaint familiarities of that classical period—and wonder that they are not mistaken for new incarnations of its departed poets! One great cause why they are not, is, that they speak an unnatural dialect, and are constrained by a masquerade habit; in neither of which it is possible to display that freedom, and those delicate traits of character, which are the life of the drama, and were among the chief merits of those who once exalted it so highly. Another bad effect of imitation, and especially of the imitation of unequal and irregular models in a critical age, is, that nothing is thought fit to be copied but the exquisite and shining passages;—from which it results, in the first place, that all our rivalry is reserved for occasions in which its success is most hopeless; and, in the second place, that instances, even of occasional success, want their proper grace and effect, by being deprived of the relief, shading and preparation, which they would naturally

Skeggs, and the other, as discoursing about 'high life Shakespeare, and the musical glasses!'—And, in a more serious passage, he introduces a player as astonishing the Vicar, by informing him that 'Dryden and Rowe's manner were quite out of fashion—our taste has gone back a whole century; Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and, above all, the plays of Shakespeare, are the only things that go down.' 'How!' says the Vicar, 'is it possible that the present age can be pleased with that antiquated dialect, that obsolete humour, and those overcharged characters which abound in the works you mention?' No writer of name, who was not aiming at a paradox, would venture to say this now.

have received in a less fastidious composition; and, instead of the warm and native and ever-varying graces of a spontaneous effusion, the work acquires the false and feeble brilliancy of a prize essay in a foreign tongue—a collection of splendid patches of different texture and pattern.

At the bottom of all this—and perhaps at its most efficient cause—there lurks, we suspect, an unreasonable and undue dread of criticism;—not the deliberate and indulgent criticism which we exercise rather for the encouragement of talent than its warning,—but the vigilant and paitry derision which is perpetually stirring in all idle societies, and but too continually present to the spirits of all who aspire to its notice. There is nothing so certain, we take it, as that those who are the most alert in discovering the faults of a work of genius, are the least touched with its beauties. Those who admire and enjoy fine poetry, in short, are quite a different class of persons from those who find out its flaws and defects—who are sharp at detecting a plagiarism or a grammatical inaccuracy, and laudably industrious in bringing to light an obscure passage—sneering at an exaggerated one—or wondering at the meaning of some piece of excessive simplicity. It is vain to expect the praises of such people; for they never praise;—and it is truly very little worth while to disarm their censure. It is only the praises of the real lovers of poetry that ever give it fame or popularity—and these are little affected by the cavils of the fastidious. Yet the genius of most modern writers seems to be rebuked under that of those pragmatical and insignificant censors. They are so much afraid of faults, that they will scarcely venture upon beauties; and seem more anxious in general to be safe than original. They dare not indulge in a florid and magnificent way of writing, for fear of being charged with bombast by the cold-blooded and malignant. They must not be tender, lest they should be laughed at for pining and whining; nor discursive and fanciful like their great predecessors, under pain of being held out to derision as ingenious gentlemen, who have dreamed that the gods have made them poetical!

Thus the dread of ridicule, which they have ever before their eyes represses all the emotions, on the expression of which their success entirely depends; and in order to escape the blame of those to whom they can give no pleasure, and through whom they can gain no fame, they throw away their best chance of pleasing those who are capable of relishing their excellences and on whose admiration alone their reputation must at all events be founded. There is a great want of magnanimity, we think, as well as of wisdom, in this sensitiveness to blame; and we are convinced that no modern author will ever write with the grace and vigour of the older ones, who does not write with some portion of their fearlessness and indifference to censure. Courage, in short, is at least as necessary as genius to the success of a work of imagination; since, without this, it is impossible to attain that freedom and self-possession, without which no talents can ever have fair play, and, far less, that inward confidence and exaltation of spirit which must accompany all the higher acts of the understanding. The earlier writers had probably less occasion for courage to secure them these advantages; as the public was far less critical in their day, and much more prone to admiration than to derision; But we can still trace in their writings the indications both of a proud consciousness of their own powers and privileges, and of a brave contempt for the cavils to which they might expose themselves. In our own times, we know but one writer who is emancipated from this slavish awe of vulgar detraction—this petty timidity about being detected in blunders and faults; and that is the illustrious author of *Waverley* and the other novels, that have made an era in our literature as remarkable, and as likely to be remembered, as any which can yet be traced in its history. We shall not now say how large a portion of his success we ascribe to this intrepid temper of his genius; but we are confident that no person can read any one of his wonderful works, without feeling that their author was utterly careless of the reproach of small imperfections, disdained the inglorious labour of perpetual correctness, and has consequently imparted to his productions that spirit and ease and variety, which reminds us of better times, and gives lustre and effect to those rich and resplendent passages to which it left him free to aspire.

Lord Byron, in some respects, may appear not to have been wanting in intrepidity. He has not certainly been very tractable to advice, nor very patient of blame. But this, in him, we fear, is not superiority to censure, but aversion to it; and, instead of proving that he is indifferent to detraction, shows only, that the dread and dislike of it operate with more than common force on his mind. A critic, whose object was to give pain, would desire no better proof of the efficacy of his inflictions, than the bitter scorn and fierce defiance with which they are encountered; and the more vehemently the noble author protests that he despises the reproaches that have been bestowed on him, the more certain it is that he suffers from their severity, and would be glad to escape if he cannot overbear them. But however this may be, we think it is certain that his late dramatic efforts have not been made carelessly, or without anxiety. To us, at least, they seem very elaborate and hard-wrought compositions; and this indeed we take to be their leading characteristic, and the key to most of their peculiarities.

Considered as Poems, we confess they appear to us to be rather heavy, verbose, and inelegant—deficient in the passion and energy which belongs to the other writings of the noble author—and still more in the richness of imagery, the originality of thought, and the sweetness of versification for which he used to be distinguished. They are for the most part solemn, prolix, and ostentatious—lengthened out by large preparations for catastrophes that never arrive, and tantalizing us with slight specimens and glimpses of a higher interest scattered thickly up and down many weary pages of pompous declamation. Along with the concentrated pathos and homestruck sentiments of his former poetry, the noble author seems also, we cannot imagine why, to have discarded the spirited and melodious versification in which they were embodied, and to have formed to himself a measure equally remote from the spring and vigour of his former compositions, and from the softness and inflexibility of the ancient masters of the drama. There are some sweet lines, and many of great weight and energy; but the general march of the verse is cumbrous and unmusical. His lines do not vibrate like polished lances, at once strong and light, in the hands of his persons, but are wielded like clumsy batons in a bloodless affray. Instead of the graceful familiarity and idiomatical melodies of Shakespeare, it is apt, too, to fall into clumsy prose, in its approaches to the easy and colloquial style; and, in the loftier passages, is occasionally deformed by low and common images that harmonize but ill with the general solemnity of the diction.

As Plays, we are afraid we must also say that the pieces before us are wanting in interest, character, and action:—at least we must say this of the two last of them—for there is interest in *Sardanapalus*—and beauties besides, that make us blind to its other defects. There is however, throughout, a want of dramatic effect and variety; and we suspect there is something in the character or habit of Lord B.'s genius which will render this unattainable. He has too little sympathy with the ordinary feelings and frailties of humanity, to succeed well in their representation.—His soul is like a star, and dwells apart. It does not 'hold the mirror up to nature,' nor catch the hues of surrounding objects; but, like a kindled furnace, throws out its intense glare and gloomy grandeur on the narrow scene which it irradiates. He has given us, in his other works, some glorious pictures of nature—some magnificent reflections, and some inimitable delineations of character: But the same feelings prevail in them all; and his portraits in particular, though a little varied in the drapery and attitude, seem all copied from the same original. His *Childe Harold*, his *Giaour*, *Conrad*, *Lara*, *Manfred*, *Cain*, and *Lucifer*,—are all one individual. There is the same varnish of voluptuousness on the surface—the same canker of misanthropy at the core, of all he touches. He cannot draw the changes of many-coloured life, nor transport himself into the condition of the infinitely diversified characters by whom a stage should be peopled. The very intensity of his feelings—the loftiness of his views—the pride of his nature or his genius, withhold him from this identification; so that in personating the heroes of the scene, he does little but repeat himself. It would be better for him, we think, if it were otherwise. We are sure it would be better for his readers. He would get more fame, and things of far more worth than fame, if he would condescend to a more extended and cordial sympathy with his fellow-creatures; and we should have more variety of fine poetry, and, at all events, better tragedies. We have no business to read him a homily on the sinfulness of pride and uncharity; but we have a right to say, that it argues a poorness of genius to keep always to the same topics and persons; and that the world will weary at last of the most energetic pictures of misanthropes and madmen—outlaws and their mistresses!

A man gifted as he is, when he aspires at dramatic fame, should emulate the greatest of dramatists. Let Lord B. then think of Shakespeare—and consider what a noble range of character, what a freedom from mannerism and egotism, there is in him! How much he seems to have studied nature; how little to have thought about himself; how seldom to have repeated or glanced back at his own most successful inventions! Why indeed should he? Nature was still open before him, and inexhaustible; and the freshness and variety that still delight his readers, must have had constant attractions for himself. Take his *Hamlet*, for instance. What a character is there!—how full of thought and refinement, and fancy and individuality! 'How infinite in faculties! In form and motion how express and admirable! The beauty of the universe, the paragon of animals!' Yet close the play, and we meet with him no more—neither in the author's other works, nor any where else! A common author, who had hit upon such a character, would have dragged it in at every turn, and worn it to very tatters. Sir John Falstaff, again, is a world of wit and humour in himself. But except in the two parts of *Henry IV.*, there would have been no trace of such a being, had not the author been 'ordered to continue him' in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. He is not the least like *Benedick*, or *Mercutio*, or *Sir Toby Belch*, or any of the other witty personages of the same author,—nor are they like each other. *Othello* is one of the most striking and powerful inventions on the stage. But when the play closes, we hear no more of him! The poet's creation comes no more to life again under a fictitious name, than the real man would have done,



Lord Byron, in Shakespeare's place, would have peopled the world with black Othellos! What indications are there of Lear in any of his earlier plays? What traces of it in any that he wrote afterwards? None. It might have been written by any other man, he is so little conscious of it. He never once returns to that huge sea of sorrow; but has left it standing by itself, shoreless and unapproachable. Who else could have afforded not to have 'drowned the stage with tears' from such a source? But we must break away from Shakespeare, and come at last to the work before us.

In a very brief preface, Lord B. renews his protest against looking upon any of his plays, as having been composed 'with the most remote view to the stage'—and, at the same time, testifies in behalf of the *Unities*, as essential to the existence of the drama—according to what 'was, till lately, the law of literature throughout the world, and is still so, in the more civilized parts of it.' We do not think those opinions very consistent; and we think that neither of them could possibly find favour with a person whose genius had a truly dramatic character. We should as soon expect an orator to compose a speech altogether unfit to be spoken. A drama is not merely a dialogue, but an action; and necessarily supposes that something is to pass before the eyes of assembled spectators. Whatever is peculiar to its written part, should derive its peculiarity from this consideration. Its style should be an accompaniment to action—and should be calculated to excite the emotions, and keep alive the attention, of gazing multitudes. If an author does not bear this continually in his mind, and does not write in the ideal presence of an eager and diversified assemblage, he may be a poet perhaps, but assuredly he never will be a dramatist. If Lord B. really does not wish to impregnate his elaborate scenes with the living spirit of the drama—if he has no hankering after stage-effect—if he is not haunted with the visible presentment of the persons he has created—if, in setting down a vehement invective, he does not fancy the tone in which Mr. Keen would deliver it, and anticipate the long applauses of the pit, then he may be sure that neither his feelings nor his genius are in unison with the stage at all. Why, then, should he affect the form, without the power of tragedy? He may, indeed, produce a mystery like Cain, or a far sweeter vision like Manfred, without subjecting himself to the censure of legitimate criticism; but if, with a regular subject before him, capable of all the strength and graces of the drama, he does not feel himself able or willing to draw forth its resources so as to affect an audience with terror and delight, he is not the man we want—and his time and talents are wasted here. Didactic reasoning and eloquent description, will not compensate, in a play, for a dearth of dramatic spirit and invention: and besides, sterling sense, and poetry, as such, ought to stand by themselves, without the unmeaning mockery of a *dramatis personæ*.

As to Lord Byron's pretending to set up the *Unities* at this time of day, as 'the law of literature throughout the world,' it is mere caprice and contradiction. He, if ever man was, is a law to himself—a chartered libertine;—and now, when he is tired of this unbridled license, he wants to do penance within the *Unities*! This certainly looks very like affectation; or, if there is any thing sincere in it, the motive must be, that, by getting rid of so much story and action, in order to simplify the plot and bring it within the prescribed limits, he may fill up the blank spaces with long discussions, and have nearly all the talk to himself! For ourselves, we will confess that we have had a considerable contempt for these same *Unities*, ever since we read Deania's Criticism on Cato in our boyhood—except indeed the unity of action, which Lord Byron does not appear to set much store by. Dr. Johnson, we conceive, has pretty well settled this question: and if Lord Byron chuses to grapple with him, he will find that it requires a stronger arm than that with which he puts down our Laureates. We shall only add, that when the moderns tie themselves down to write tragedies of the same length, and on the same simple plan, in other respects; with those of Sophocles and Æschylus, we shall not object to their adhering to the *Unities*; for there can, in that case, be no sufficient inducement for violating them. But, in the mean time, we hold that English dramatic poetry soars above the *Unities*, just as the imagination does. The only pretence for insisting on them is, that we suppose the stage itself to be, actually, and really the very spot on which a given action is performed; and, if so, this space cannot be removed to another. But the supposition is manifestly quite contrary to truth and experience. The stage is considered merely as a place in which any given action *ad libitum* may be performed; and accordingly may be shifted, and is so in imagination, as often as the action requires it. That any writer should ever have insisted on such an unity as this, must appear sufficiently preposterous; but, that the defence of it should be taken up by an author whose plays are never to be acted at all, and which, therefore, have nothing more than a nominal reference to any stage or locality whatever, must strike one as absolutely incredible.

It so happens, however, that the disadvantage, and, in truth, absurdity, of sacrificing higher objects to a formality of this kind, is strikingly displayed in one of these dramas—THE TWO FOES. The whole interest here turns upon the younger of them having returned from banishment, in defiance of the law and its consequences, from an uncon-

querable longing after his own country. Now, the only way to have made this sentiment palpable, the practicable foundation of stupendous sufferings, would have been, to have presented him to the audience wearing out his heart in exile—and forming his resolution to return, at a distance from his country, or hovering, in excruciating suspense, within sight of its borders. We might then have caught some glimpse of the nature of his motives, and of so extraordinary a character. But as this would have been contrary to one of the unities, we first meet with him led from 'the Question,' and afterwards taken back to it in the Ducal Palace, or clinging to the dungeon-walls of his native city, and expiring from his dread of leaving them; and therefore feel more wonder than sympathy, when we are told, in a Jeremiad of wilful lamentations, that these agonizing consequences have resulted, not from guilt or disaster, but merely from the intensity of his love for his country.

But we must now look at the Tragedies; and turning again to *SARDANAPALUS*, we are half inclined to repent of the severity of some of our preceding remarks, or to own at least that they are not strictly applicable to this performance. It is a work beyond all question of great beauty and power; and though the heroine has many traits in common with the Medoras and Gulnares of Lord Byron's undramatic poetry, the hero must be allowed to be a new character in his hands. He has, indeed, the scorn of war, and glory, and priestcraft, and regular morality, which distinguishes the rest of his Lordship's favourites; but he has no misanthropy, and very little pride—and may be regarded, on the whole, as one of the most truly good-humoured, amiable and respectable voluptuaries to whom we have ever been presented. In this conception of his character, the author has very wisely followed nature and fancy rather than history. His Sardanapalus is not an effeminate, worn-out debauchee, with shattered nerves and exhausted senses, the slave of indolence and vicious habits; but a sanguine votary of pleasure, a princely epicure, indulging, revelling in boundless luxury while he can, but with a soul so injured to voluptuousness, so saturated with delights, that pain and danger, when they come uncalled for, give him neither concern nor dread; and he goes forth, from the banquet to the battle, as to a dance or measure, attired by the Graces, and with youth, joy, and love for his guides. He dallies with Bellona as her bridegroom—for his sport and pastime; and the spear or fan, the shield or shining mirror, become his hands equally well. He enjoys life, in short, and triumphs in death; and whether in prosperous or adverse circumstances, his soul smiles out superior to evil. The Epicurean philosophy of Sardanapalus gives him a fine opportunity, in his conferences with his stern and confidential adviser, Salemenes, to contrast his own impudent and fatal vices of ease and love of pleasure with the boasted virtues of his predecessors, War and Conquest; and we may as well begin with a short specimen of this characteristic discussion. Salemenes is brother to the neglected queen; and the controversy originates in the monarch's allusion to her.

*Sard.* Then think'st that I have wrong'd the queen: is't not  
*Sal.* Think! Thou hast wrong'd her! [10]

*Sard.* Patience, prince, and hear me.

She has all power and splendour of her station,  
Respect, the tutelage of Assyria's heirs,  
The homage and the appanage of sovereignty.  
I married her as monarchs wed—for state,  
And love her as most husbands love their wives.  
If she or thou supposedst I could link me  
Like a Chaldean peasant to his mate,

Ye knew nor me, nor monarchs, nor mankind.  
*Sal.* I pray thee, change the theme; my blood disdains  
Complaint, and Salemenes' sister seeks not  
Reluctant love even from Assyria's lord!  
Nor would she deign to accept divided passion  
With foreign strumpets and Ionian slaves.  
The queen is silent.

*Sard.* And why not her brother?

*Sal.* I only echo the voice of empires,  
Which he who long neglects not long will govern.

*Sard.* The ungrateful and ungracious slaves! they murmur  
Because I have not shed their blood, nor led them  
To dry into the desert's dust by myriads,  
Or whiten with their bones the banks of Ganges;  
Nor decimated them with savage laws,  
Nor sweated them to build up pyramids,  
Or Babylonian walls.

*Sal.* Yet these are trophies  
More worthy of a people and their prince  
Than songs, and lutes, and feasts, and concubines,  
And lavish'd treasures, and contemned virtues.

*Sard.* Or for my trophies I have founded cities:  
There's Taras and Anchialus, both built  
In one day—what could that blood-loving beldame,  
My martial grandam, chaste Semiramis,  
Do more, except destroy them?

*Sal.* 'Tis most true;  
I own thy merit in those founded cities,

Built for a whim, recorded with a verse  
Which shames both them and thee to coming ages.

Sard. Shame me! By Baal, the cities, though well built,  
Are not more goodly than the verse! Say what  
Thou wilt 'gainst the truth of that brief record.  
Why, those few lines contain the history  
Of all things human; hear—"Sardanapalus  
"The king, and son of Anaclydaraxes,  
"In one day built Anchialus and Tarsus.  
"Eat, drink, and love; the rest's not worth a fillip."

Sale. A worthy moral, and a wise inscription,  
For a king to put up before his subjects!

Sard. Oh, thou wouldst have me doubtless set up edicts—

"Obey the king—contribute to his treasure—

"Recruit his phalanx—spill your blood at bidding—

"Fall down and worship, or get up and toil,"

Or thus—"Sardanapalus on this spot

"Slew fifty thousand of his enemies.

"These are their sepulchres, and this his trophy."

I leave such things to conquerors; enough

For me, if I can make my subjects feel

The weight of human misery less, and glide

Ungrudging to the tomb; I take no license

Which I deny to them. We all are men.

Sale. Thy sires have been revered as gods—

Sard. In dust

And death, where they are neither gods nor men.

Talk not of such to me! the worms are gods;

At least they banqueted upon your gods,

And died for lack of farther nutriment.

Those gods were merely men; look to their issue—

I feel a thousand mortal things but me,

But nothing godlike—unless it may be

The thing which you condemn, a disposition

To love and to be merciful, to pardon

The follies of my species, and (that's human)

To be indulgent to my own.—pp. 18-21.

But the chief charm and vivifying angel of the piece is MYRRHA, the Greek slave of Sardanapalus—a beautiful, heroic, devoted, and ethereal being—in love with the generous and infatuated monarch—ashamed of loving a barbarian—and using all her influence over him to ennoble as well as to adorn his existence, and to arm him against the terrors of its close. Her voluptuousness is that of the heart—her heroism of the affections. If the part she takes in the dialogue be sometimes too subdued and submissive for the lofty daring of her character, it is still such as might become a Greek slave—a lovely Ionian girl, in whom the love of liberty and the scorn of death, was tempered by the consciousness of what she regarded as a degrading passion, and an inward sense of fitness and decorum with reference to her condition. The development of this character and its consequences, form so material a part of the play, that most of the citations with which we shall illustrate our abstract of it, will be found to bear upon it.

Salemenes, in the interview to which we have just alluded, had driven 'the Ionian minion' from the royal presence by his reproaches. After his departure, the Monarch again recalls his favourite, and reports to her the warning he had received. Her answer lets us at once into the nobleness and delicacy of her character.

Myr. He did well.

Sard. And say'st thou so?

Thou whom he spurn'd so harshly, and now dared

Drive from our presence with his savage jeers,

And made thee weep and blush?

Myr.

I should do both

More frequently—and he did well to call me

Back to my duty. But thou speakest of peril—

Peril to thee—

Sard.

Ay, from dark plots and snares

From Medes—and discontented troops and nations.

I know not what—a labyrinth of things—

A maze of mutter'd threats and mysteries:

Thou know'st the man—it is his usual custom.

But he is honest. Come, we'll think no more on't—

But of the midnight festival.

Myr.

'Tis time

To think of aught save festivals. Thou hast not

Spurn'd his sage cautions?

Sard.

What?—and dost thou fear?

Myr. Fear!—I'm a Greek, and how should I fear death?

A slave, and wherefore should I dread my freedom?

Sard. Then wherefore dost thou turn so pale?

Myr.

I love

Sard. And do not I? I love thee far—far more

Than either the brief life or the wide realm;

Which, it may be, are menaced; yet I blush not.

Myr.

When he who is their ruler

Forgets himself, will they remember him?

Sard. Myrrha!

Myr. Frown not upon me: you have smiled

Too often on me not to make those frowns

Bitterer to bear than any punishment

Which they may anger.—King, I am your subject!

Master, I am your slave! Man, I have loved you!

Loved you, I know not by what fatal weakness,

Although a Greek, and born a foe to monarchs—

A slave, and hating fetters—an Ionian,

And, therefore, when I love a stranger, more

Degraded by that passion than by chains!

Still I have loved you. If that love were strong

Enough to overcome all former nature,

Shall it not claim the privilege to save you?

Sard. Save me, my beauty! Thou art very fair,

And what I seek of thee is love—not safety.

Myr. And without love where dwells security?

Sard. I speak of woman's love.

Myr.

The very first

Of human life must spring from woman's breast.

Your first small words are taught you from her lips,

Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs

Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,

When men have shrunk from the ignoble care

Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

Sard. My eloquent Ionian! thou speak'st music,

The very chorus of the tragic song

I have heard thee talk of as the favour'd pastime

Of thy far father-land. Nay, weep not—calm thee.

Myr. I weep not—But I pray thee, do not speak

About my fathers or their land.

Sard.

Yet oft

Thou speakest of them.

Myr.

True—true: constant thought

Will overflow in words unconsciously;

But when another speaks of Greece, it wounds me.

Sard. Well, then, how wouldst thou save me, as thou saidst?

Myr. Look to the annals of thine empire's founders.

Sard. They are so blotted o'er with blood, I cannot.

But what wouldst have? the empire has been founded.

I cannot go on multiplying empires.

Myr.

Preserve thine own.

Sard.

At least I will enjoy it.

Come, Myrrha, let us on to the Euphrates;

The hour invites, the gally is prepared,

And the pavilion deck'd for our return,

In fit adornment for the evening banquet,

Shall blaze with beauty and with light, until

It seems unto the stars which are above us

Itself an opposite star; and we will sit

Crown'd with fresh flowers like—

Myr.

Victims.

Sard. No, like sovereigns,

The shepherd kings of patriarchal times,

Who knew no brighter gems than summer wreaths,

And none but fearless triumphs. Let us on! pp. 31-32.

The second act, which contains the details of the conspiracy of Arbaces, its detection by the vigilance of Salemenes, and the too rash and hasty forgiveness of the rebels by the king, is, on the whole, heavy and uninteresting. Early in the third act, the royal banquet is disturbed by sudden tidings of treason and revolt; and then the reveller blazes out into the hero, and the Greek blood of Myrrha mounts to its proper office! The following passages are striking. A messenger says,

Prince Salemenes doth implore the king:

To arm himself, although but for a moment,

And show himself unto the soldiers: his

Sole presence in this instant might do more

Than hosts can do in his behalf.

Sard.

What, he?

My armour there.

Myr.

And wilt thou?

Sard. Will I not?

Ho, there!—But seek not for the buckler; 'tis

Too heavy:—a light cuirass and my sword.

Myr. How I do love thee!

Sard.

I ne'er doubted it.

Myr. But now I know thee.

Sard (arming himself)

Give me the cuirass—so: my baldric; now

My sword: I had forgot the helm, where is it?

That's well—no, 'tis too heavy: you mistake, too—

It was not this I meant, but that which bears

A diadem around it.



*Sfero.* Sire, I deem'd  
That too conspicuous from the precious stones  
To risk your sacred brow beneath—and, trust me,  
This is of better metal though less rich.  
*Sard.* You deem'd! Are you too turn'd a rebel? Fellow!  
Your part is to obey; return, and—no—  
It is too late—I will go forth without it.  
*Sfero.* At least wear this  
*Sard.* Wear Cautasus! why, 'tis  
A mountain on my temples.  
Myrrha, retire unto a place of safety.  
Why went you not forth with the other damsels?  
*Myr.* Because my place is here.

I dare all things  
Except survive what I have loved, to be  
A rebel's booty: forth, and do your bravest.—pp. 85-89.

The noise of the conflict now reaches her in doubtful clamour; and a soldier comes in, of whom she asks how the king bears himself—and is answered,

*Alt.* Like a king. I must find Sfero  
And bring him a new spear and his own helmet.  
He fights till now bare-headed, and by far  
Too much exposed. The soldiers knew his face,  
And the foe too; and in the moon's broad light,  
His silk tiara and his flowing hair  
Make him a mark too royal. Every arrow  
Is pointed at the fair hair and fair features.  
And the broad fillet which crowns both.  
The king! the king fights as he revels!  
*Myr.* 'Tis no dishonour—no—  
'Tis no dishonour to have loved this man.  
I almost wish now, what I never wish'd  
Before, that he were Grecian. If Alcides  
Were shamed in wearing Lydian Omphale's  
Shear, and wielding her vile distaff; surely  
He, who springs up a Hercules at once,  
Nurs'd in effeminate arts from youth to manhood,  
And rushes from the banquet to the battle,  
As though it were a bed of love, deserves  
That a Greek girl should be his paramour,  
And a Greek bard his mistress, a Greek tomb  
His monument!

*Officer.* Lost,  
Lost almost past recovery. Zames! Where  
Is Zames?  
*Myr.* (solus) He's gone; and told no more than that all's lost!  
What need have I to know more? In those words,  
Those little words, a kingdom and a king,  
A line of thirteen ages, and the lives  
Of thousands, and the fortune of all left  
With life, are merged; and I, too, with the great,  
Like a small bubble breaking with the wave  
Which bore it, shall be nothing.—pp. 92-93.

Soon after, she rushes out in agony to meet the fate that seemed impending. The king, however, by his daring valour, restores the fortune of the fight; and returns, with all his train, to the palace. The scene that ensues is very masterly and characteristic. He says,

'I am spent; give me a seat.  
*Sale.* There stands the throne, Sire.  
*Sard.* 'Tis no place to rest on,  
For mind nor body: let me have a couch. (They place a seat.)  
A peasant's stool, I care not what: so—now  
I breathe more freely.  
*Sale.* This great hour has proved  
The brightest and most glorious of your life.  
*Sard.* And the most tiresome. Where's my cup-bearer?  
Bring me some water.  
*Sale.* (smiling) 'Tis the first time he  
Ever had such an order: even I,  
Your most austere of counsellors, would now  
Suggest a purpler beverage.  
*Sard.* Blood—doubtless.  
But there's enough of that shed; as for wine,  
I have learn'd to-night the price of the pure element:  
Thrice have I drunk of it, and thrice renew'd,  
With greater strength than the grape ever gave me,  
My charge upon the rebels.  
(Turning to Myrrha)  
Know'st thou, my brother, where I lighted on  
This minion?  
*Sale.* Herding with the other females,  
Like frighten'd antelopes.  
*Sard.* No: like the dam  
Of the young lions, femininely raging,

She nged on with her voice and gesture, and  
Her floating hair and flashing eyes, the soldiers  
In the pursuit.

*Sale.* Indeed!  
*Sard.* You see, this night  
Made warriors of more than me. I paused  
To look upon her, and her kindled cheek;  
Her large black eyes, that flash'd through her long hair  
As it stream'd o'er her; her blue veins that rose  
Along her most transparent brow; her nostril  
Dilated from its symmetry; her lips  
Apart her voice that clove through all the din,  
As a lute's pierce through the cymbal's clash,  
Jarr'd but not drawn'd by the loud brattling; her  
Waved arms, more dazzling with their own born whiteness  
Than the steel her hand held, which she caught up  
From a dead soldier's grasp; all these things made  
Her seem unto the troops a prophetic  
Of victory, of Victory herself,  
Come down to hail us here.

*Sale.* (in retiring.) Myrrha!  
*Myr.* Prince,  
*Sale.* You have shown a soul to-night,  
Which, were he not my sister's lord—But now  
I have no time: thou lov'st the king?

*Myr.* I love  
Sardanapalus.  
*Sale.* But wouldst have him king still?  
*Myr.* I would not have him less than what he should be.  
*Sale.* Well, then, to have him king, and yours, and all  
He should, or should not be; to have him live,  
Let him not sink back into luxury.  
You have more power upon his spirit than  
Wisdom within these walls, or fierce rebellion  
Raging without: look well that he relapse not.  
*Myr.* There needed not the voice Salmenes  
To urge me on to this: I will not fail.  
All that a woman's weakness can—

*Sale.* Is power  
Omnipotent o'er such a heart as his;  
Exert it wisely. (Exit SALMENES.)  
*Sard.* Myrrha! what, at whispers  
With my stern brother? I shall soon be jealous.  
*Myr.* (smiling.) You have cause, sire; for on the earth there  
A man more worthy of a woman's love— (breathes not)  
A soldier's trust—a subject's reverence—  
A king's esteem—the whole world's admiration!  
*Sard.* Praise him, but not so warmly. I must not  
Hear those sweet lips grow eloquent in sigh  
That throws me into shade; yet you speak truth.—p. 100-105.

The fourth act opens with Myrrha watching over the troubled sleep of her lover, and his starting from a horrid dream of Nimrod and Semiramis, which is told too much at length. The picture, however, of the female conqueror, is given with great force. He thought he was sitting at a dreary banquet with all his dead ancestors—and says to Myrrha,

'Sard. In thy own chair—thy own place in the banquet—  
I sought thy sweet face in the circle—but  
Instead—a gray-hair'd, wither'd, bloody-eyed,  
And bloody-handed, ghastly, ghostly thing,  
Female in garb, and crown'd upon the brow,  
Furrow'd with years, yet sneering with the passion  
Of vengeance, leering too with that of lust,  
Sate:—my veins cordied.  
*Myr.* Is this all?  
*Sard.* Upon  
Her right hand—her tank, bird-like right hand—stood  
A goblet, bubbling o'er with blood; and on  
Her left, another, fill'd with—what I saw not,  
But turn'd from it and her. But all along  
The table sate a range of crown'd wretches,  
Of various aspects, but of one expression.  
Ay, Myrrha, but the woman!  
The female who remain'd, she flew upon me,  
And burnt my lips up with her noisome kisses!  
And flinging down the goblets on each hand,  
Methought their poison flow'd around us, till  
Each form'd a hideous river. Still she clung;  
The other phantoms, like a row of statues,  
Stood dull as in our temples, but she still  
Embraced me, while I shrunk from her, as if  
In lieu of her remote descendant, I  
Had been the son who slew her for her incest.—pp. 110-113.

After this, there is an useless and unstartling scene with the queen, whose fondness for her erring husband meets with great kindness and re-

morse. It is carefully, but rather tediously written; and ends, a great deal too long after it ought to have ended, by Salmenes carrying off his sister in a fit.

The force of the rebels still increasing, the king urges Myrrha to retire from the growing danger. She refuses constantly; and he rejoins,

'Sard. You spoke of your abasement.

Myr. And I feel it

Deeply—more deeply than all things but love.

Sard. Then fly from it.

Myr. 'Twill not recal the past—

'Twill not restore my honour, nor my heart.

No—here I stand or fall. If that you conquer,

I live to joy in our great triumph; should

Your lot be different, I'll not weep, but share it.

You did not doubt me a few hours ago.

Sard. You courage never—nor your love till now.

I thought to have made my realm a paradise,

And every moon an epoch of new pleasures.

I took the rabble's shouts for love—the breath

Of friends for truth—the lips of woman for

My only guerdon—so they are, my Myrrha:

Kiss me. Now let them take my realm and life!

They shall have both, but never thee!

Myr. No, never!

Man may despoil his brother man of all

That's great or glittering—kingdoms fall—hosts yield—

Friends fail—slaves fly—and all betray—and, more

Than all, the most indebted—but a heart

That loves without self-love! 'Tis here—now prove it.'

pp. 131—133.

The fifth act gives, rather languidly, the consummation of the rebellion. Salmenes is slain; and the king, in spite of a desperate resistance, driven back to his palace and its gardens. He then distributes his treasure to his friends, and forces them to embark on the river, which is still open for their escape; only requiring, as the last service of his faithful veterans, that they should build up a huge pile of combustibles round the throne in his presence-chamber, and leave him there with Myrrha alone; and commanding them, when they had cleared the city with their galleries, to sound their trumpets as a signal of safety. We shall close our extracts with a few fragments of the final scene. This is his farewell to the troops.

'Sard. My heart! my last friends!

Let's not unman each other—part at once:

All farewells should be sudden, when for ever,

Else they make an eternity of moments,

And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.

Hence, and be happy: trust me, I am not

Now to be pitied; or far more for what

Is past than present—for the future, 'tis

In the hands of the deities, if such

There be: I shall know soon. Farewell—farewell.

[Exit PANIA and Soldiers.

Myr. These men were honest: it is comfort still

That our last looks should be on loving faces.

Sard. And lovely ones, my beautiful!—but hear me!

If at this moment, for we now are on

The brink, thou feel'st an inward shrinking from

This leap through flame into the future, say it:

I shall not love thee less; nay, perhaps more,

For yielding to thy nature: and there's time

Yet for thee to escape hence.

Myr. Shall I light

One of the torches which lie heap'd beneath

The ever-burning lamp that burns without,

Before Baal's shrine, in the adjoining hall?

Sard. Do so. Is that thy answer?

Myr. Thou shalt see. pp. 162, 163.

There is then a long invocation to the shades of his ancestors; at the end of which, Myrrha returns with a lighted torch and a cup of wine—and says,

'Let

I've lit the lamp which lights us to the stars.

Sard. And the cup?

Myr. 'Tis my country's custom to

Make a libation to the gods.

Sard. And mine

To make libations amongst men. I've not

Forgot the custom; and although alone,

Will drain one draught in memory of many

A joyous banquet past.

Yet pause,

My Myrrha! dost thou truly follow me,

Freely and fearlessly?

Myr. And dost thou think

A Greek girl dare not do for love, that which

An Indian widow braves for custom?

Sard.

Then

We but await the signal.

Myr.

It is long

In sounding.

Sard.

Now, farewell; one last embrace.

Myr. Embrace, but not the last; there is one more.

Sard. True, the commingling fire will mix our ashes.

Myr.

Then farewell, thou earth!

And loveliest spot of earth! farewell Ionia!

Be thou still free and beautiful, and far

Aloof from desolation! My last prayer

Was for thee, my last thoughts, save one, were of thee!

Sard. And that?

Myr. Is yours. [The trumpet of PANIA sounds without.

Sard. Hark!

Myr.

Now!

Sard.

Adieu, Assyria!

I loved thee well, my own, my fathers' land,

And better as my country than my kingdom.

I satiated thee with peace and joys; and this

Is my reward! and now I owe thee nothing,

Not even a grave.

[He mounts the pile.

Now, Myrrha!

Myr.

Art thou ready?

Sard. As the torch in thy grasp.

[MYRRHA fires the pile.

Myr. 'Tis fired! I come.

[As MYRRHA springs forward to throw herself into

the flames, the Curtain falls. pp. 164—167.

Having gone so much at length into this drama, which we take to be much the best in the volume, we may be excused for saying little of the other two. 'The Two Foscari,' we think, is a failure. The interest is founded upon feelings so peculiar or over-trained, as to engage no sympathy; and the whole story turns on incidents that are neither pleasing nor natural. The Younger Foscari undergoes the rack twice (once in the hearing of the audience), merely because he has chosen to feign himself a traitor, that he might be brought back from undeserved banishment, and dies at last of pure dotage on this sentiment; while the Elder Foscari submits, in profound and immovable silence, to this treatment of his son, just, by seeming to feel for his unhappy fate, he should be implicated in his guilt—though he is supposed guiltless. He, the Doge, is afraid to stir hand or foot, to look or speak, while these inexplicable horrors are transacting, on account of the hostility of one Loredano, who lords it in the council of 'the Ten,' nobody knows why or how; and who at last 'ennmeshes' both father and son in his toils, in spite of their passive obedience and non-resistance to his plans. They are silly flies for this spider to catch, and 'feed fat his ancient grudge upon.' If they do nothing to defeat the machinations of their remorseless foe, Marina, the wife of young Foscari, at least revenges them, by letting loose the venom of her tongue upon their hateful oppressor, which she does without stint or measure; and in a strain of vehemence not inferior to that of the old Queen Margaret in Richard III. Loredano, also, is accompanied, upon all emergencies, by a senator called Barbarigo—a sort of confident or chorn—who comes, for no end that we can discover, but to twit him with conscientious cavils and objections, and then to second him by his personal countenance and authority. There are splendid passages, however, in this play also, though the greater part of them are foreign to its immediate business. We can afford to give but one specimen. Marina, endeavouring to reconcile her husband to his sentence of banishment, reminds him that it was by exiles that his beloved Venice was founded.

'Mar. And yet you see how from their banishment

Before the Tartar into these salt isles,

Their antique energy of mind, all that

Remain'd of Rome for their inheritance,

Created by degrees an ocean-Rome;

And shall an evil, which so often leads

To good, depress thee thus?

Jac. Fos.

Had I gone forth

From my own land, like the old patriarchs, seeking

Another region, with their flocks and herds;

Had I been cast out like the Jews from Zion,

Or like our fathers, driven by Attila

From fertile Italy to barren islets,

I would have given some tears to my late country,

And many thoughts; but afterwards address'd

Myself, with those about me, to create

A new home and fresh state: perhaps I could

Have borne this—though I know not.

Mar.

Wherefore not?

It was the lot of millions, and must be

The fate of myriads more.

Jac. Fos.

Ay—we but hear

Of the survivors' toil in their new lands,

Their numbers and success; but who can number

The hearts which broke in silence of that parting,



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Or after their departure ; of that malady  
Which calls up green and native fields to view  
From the rough deep, with such indentities  
To the poor exile's fever'd eye, that he  
Can scarcely be restrain'd from treading them?  
That melody, which out of tones and tunes  
Collects such pasture for the longing sorrow  
Of the sad mountaineer, when far away  
From his snow canopy of cliffs and clouds,  
That he feeds on the sweet, but poisonous thought,  
And dies. You call this *weakness*? It is strength,  
I say,—the parent of all honest feeling.  
He who loves not his country, can love nothing.

Mar. Obey her, then ; 'tis she that puts thee forth.  
Jac. For. Ah! you never yet

Were far away from Venice, never saw  
Her beautiful towers in the receding distance,  
While every furrow of the vessel's track  
Seem'd plunging deep into your heart ; you never  
Saw day go down upon your native spires  
So calmly with its gold and crimson glory,  
And after dreaming a disturbed vision  
Of them and theirs, awoke and found them not.' pp. 236-239

Of 'Cain, a Mystery,' we are constrained to say, that, though it abounds in beautiful passages, and shows more power perhaps than any of the author's dramatical compositions, we regret very much that it should ever have been published. It will give great scandal and offence to pious persons in general—and may be the means of suggesting the most painful doubts and distressing perplexities, to hundreds of minds that might never otherwise have been exposed to such dangerous disturbance. It is nothing less than absurd, in such a case, to observe, that Lucifer cannot well be expected to talk like an orthodox divine—and that the conversation of the first Rebel and the first Murderer was not likely to be very unexceptionable—or to plead the authority of Milton, or the authors of the old mysteries, for such offensive colloquies. The fact is, that here the whole argument—and a very elaborate and specious argument it is—is directed against the goodness as well the power of the Deity, and against the reasonableness of religion in general ; and there is no answer so much as attempted to the offensive doctrines that are so strenuously inculcated. The Devil and his pupil have the field entirely to themselves—and are encountered with nothing but feeble objections and unreasoning horrors. Nor is this argumentative blasphemy a mere incidental deformity that arises in the course of an action directed to the common sympathies of our nature. It forms, on the contrary, the great staple of the piece—and occupies, we should think, not less than two-thirds of it ;—so that it is really difficult to believe that it was written for any other purpose than to inculcate these doctrines—or at least to discuss the question upon which they bear. Now we can certainly have no objection to Lord Byron writing an Essay on the Origin of Evil—and sifting the whole of that vast and perplexing subject with the force and the freedom that would be expected and allowed in a fair philosophical discussion. But we do not think it fair, thus to argue it partially and *con amore*, in the name of Lucifer and Cain ; without the responsibility or the liability to answer that would attach to a philosophical disputant—and in a form which both doubles the danger, if the sentiments are pernicious, and almost precludes his opponents from the possibility of a reply.

Philosophy and Poetry are both very good things in their way ; but in our opinion, they do not go very well together. It is but a poor and pedantic sort of poetry that seeks to embody nothing but metaphysical subtleties and abstract deductions of reason—and a very suspicious philosophy that aims at establishing its doctrines by appeals to the passions and the fancy. Though such arguments, however, are worth little in the schools, it does not follow that their effect is inconsiderable in the world. On the contrary, it is the mischief of all poetical paradoxes, that, from the very limits and end of poetry, which deals only in obvious and glancing views, they are never brought to the fair test of argument. An allusion to a doubtful topic will often pass for a definitive conclusion on it ; and, clothed in beautiful language, may leave the most pernicious impressions behind. We therefore think that poets ought fairly to be confined to the established creed and morality of their country, or to the actual passions and sentiments of mankind ; and that poetical dreamers and sophists who pretend to theorise according to their feverish fancies, without a warrant from authority or reason, ought to be banished the commonwealth of letters. In the courts of morality, poets are unexceptionable witnesses ; they may give in the evidence, and depose to facts whether good or ill ; but we demur to their arbitrary and self-pleasing summing up ; they are suspected judges, and not very often safe advocates, where great questions are concerned, and universal principles brought to issue. But we shall not press this point farther at present. We do not doubt that Lord Byron has written conscientiously, and that he is of opinion that the publication of his sentiments will not be disadvantageous to mankind. Upon this and upon other matters, we confess we think otherwise—and we too think it our duty to make public our dissent.

As to the question of the Origin of Evil, which is the burden of this misdirected verse, he has neither thrown any new light upon it, nor darkened the previous knowledge which we possessed. It remains just where it was, in its mighty, unfathomed obscurity. His Lordship may, it is true, have recapitulated some of the arguments with a more concise and cavalier air, than the old schoolmen or fathers ; but the result is the same. There is no poetical road to metaphysics. In one view, however, which our rhapsodist has taken of the subject, we conceive he has done well. He represents the temptations held out to Cain by Satan as constantly succeeding and corresponding to some previous discontent and gloomy disposition in his own mind ; so that Lucifer is little more than the personified demon of his imagination : And farther, the acts of guilt and folly into which Cain is hurried are not treated as accidental, or as occasioned by passing causes, but as springing from an internal fury, a morbid state akin to phreny, a mind dissatisfied with itself and all things, and haunted by an insatiable, stubborn longing after knowledge rather than happiness, and a fatal proneness to dwell on the evil side of things rather than the good. We here see the dreadful consequences of not curbing this disposition (which is, after all, perhaps the sin that most easily besets humanity,) exemplified in a striking point of view ; and we so far think, it is but fair to say, that the moral to be derived from a perusal of this MYSTERY is a valuable one.

After what we have said of the tenor of this piece, our readers will not expect many extracts ; and indeed we have scarcely left room for them. The first interview of Lucifer with Cain is full of sublimity. The gloomy first-born of woman thus describes the appearance of the Immortal.

'Whom have we here ?—A shape like to the angels,  
Yet a of sterner and a sadder aspect  
Of spiritual essence : why do I quake?  
Why should I fear him more than other spirits,  
Whom I see daily wave their fiery swords  
Before the gates round which I linger oft,  
In twilight's hour, to catch a glimpse of those  
Gardens which are my just inheritance,  
Ere the night closes o'er the inhibited walls  
And the immortal trees which overtop  
The cherubim-defended battlements?  
If I shrink not from these, the fire-arm'd angels,  
Why should I quail from him who now approaches?  
Yet he seems mightier far than them, nor less  
Beauteous, and yet not all as beautiful  
As he hath been and might be : sorrow seems  
Half of his immortality.' p. 346.

After some high and mystical salutations, Cain thus expresses the longings of his proud and aspiring spirit.

'My father and my mother talk to me  
Of serpents, and of fruits and trees : I see  
The gates of what they call their Paradise  
Guarded by fiery-sworded cherubim,  
Which shut them out, and me : I feel the weight  
Of daily toil, and constant thought : I look  
Around a world where I seem nothing, with  
Thoughts which arise within me, as if they  
Could master all things :—but I thought alone  
This misery was mine.—My father is  
Tamed down ; my mother has forgot the mind  
Which made her thirst for knowledge at the risk  
Of an eternal curse ; my brother is  
A watching shepherd boy, who offers up  
The firstlings of the flock to him who bids  
The earth yield nothing to us without sweat ;  
My sister Zillah sings an earlier hymn  
Than the birds' matins ; and my Adah, my  
Own and beloved, she too understands not  
The mind which overwhelms me : never till  
Now met I aught to sympathize with me.' p. 351.

He then inquires of his awful visitor, what that *Death* is, in dread of which he is condemned to live—and says, \*

'My father  
Says he is something dreadful, and my mother  
Weeps when he's named ; and Abel lifts his eyes  
To heaven, and Zillah casts hers to the earth,  
And sighs a prayer ; and Adah looks on me,  
And speaks not.  
Luc. And then ?  
Cain. Thoughts unspeakable  
Crowd in my breast to burning, when I hear

\* It may appear a very prosaic, but it is certainly a very obvious criticism on these passages, that the young family of mankind had, long ere this, been quite familiar with the death of animals—some of whom Abel was in the habit of offering up as sacrifices ;—so that it is not quite conceivable that they should be so much at a loss to conjecture what Death was.

Of this almighty Death, who is, it seems  
Inevitable. I have look'd out  
In the vast desolate night in search of him;  
And when I saw gigantic shadows in  
The umbrage of the walls of Eden, creaker'd  
By the far-flashing of the cherubs' swords,  
I watch'd for what I thought his coming; for  
With fear rose longing in my heart to know  
What 'twas which shook us all—but nothing came.  
And then I turn'd my weary eyes from off  
Our native and forbidden Paradise,  
Up to the lights above us, in the azure,  
Which are so beautiful: shall they, too, die?

Luc. Perhaps—but long outlive both thine and thee.

Cain. I'm glad of that; I would not have them die,  
They are so lovely. pp. 364, 365.

Adah, the wife of Cain, then enters, and shrinks from the daring and blasphemous speech which is passing between him and the spirit. Her account of the fascination which he exercises over her is, however, magnificent.

'I cannot answer this immortal thing  
Which stands before me; I cannot abhor him;  
I look upon him with a pleasing fear,  
And yet I fly not from him: in his eye  
There is a fastening attraction which  
Fixes my fluttering eyes on his; my heart  
Beats quick; he awes me, and yet draws me near,  
Nearer, and nearer: Cain—Cain—save me from him!' pp. 364 365.

Afterwards, she says to him—

'Thou seem'st unhappy; do not make us so,  
And I will weep for thee.

Luc. Alas! those tears!  
Couldst thou but know what oceans will be shed—

Adah. By me?

Luc. By all.

Adah. What all?

Luc. The million millions—  
Thy myriad myriads—the all-peopled earth—  
The unpeopled earth—and the o'er-peopled Hell,  
Of which thy bosom is the germ. pp. 370.

In the second act, the Demon carries his disciple through all the limits of space, and expounds to him, in very lofty and obscure terms, the destinies of past and future worlds. They have a great deal of very exceptionable talk; we cull, however, one short passage of a milder character. Lucifer says,

'Approach the things of earth most beautiful,  
And judge their beauty near.

Cain. I have done this—  
The loveliest thing I know is loveliest nearest.

Luc. Then there must be delusion—What is that,  
Which being nearest to thine eyes is still  
More beautiful than beauteous things remote?

Cain. My sister Adah—All the stars of heaven,  
The deep blue noon of night, lit by an orb  
Which looks a spirit, or a spirit's world—  
The hues of twilight—the sun's gorgeous coming—  
His setting indescribable, which fills  
My eyes with pleasant tears as I behold  
Him sink, and feel my heart float softly with him  
Along that western paradise of clouds—  
The forest shade—the green bough—the bird's voice—  
The vesper bird's which seems to sing of love,  
And mingles with the song of cherubim,  
As the day closes over Eden's walls;—  
All these are nothing, to my eyes and heart,  
Like Adah's face: I turn from earth and heaven  
To gaze on it.

Luc. 'Tis fair as frail mortality,  
In the first dawn and bloom of young creation  
And earliest embraces of earth's parents,  
Can make its offspring; still it is delusion. pp. 398, 399.

The whole second act is employed in this extramundane excursion. He then restores the daring wanderer to his quiet home—his lovely wife and blooming infant. The last is asleep in the shade, and he thus addresses him,

'Cain. How lovely he appears! his little cheeks,  
In their pure incarnation, vying with  
The rose leaves strewn beneath them.

Adah. And his lips, too,  
How beautifully parted! No; you shall not  
Kiss him, at least not now; he will awake soon—  
His hour of mid-day rest is nearly over;  
But it were pity to disturb him till  
'Tis closed.

Cain. You have said well; I will contain  
My heart till then. He smiles, and sleeps!—Sleep on  
And smile, thou little, young inheritor  
Of a world scarce less young; sleep on, and smile!  
Thine are the hours and days when both are cheering  
And innocent! thou hast not pluck'd the fruit—  
Thou know'st not thou art naked! Must the time  
Come thou shalt be amerced for sins unknown,  
Which were not thine nor mine? But now sleep on!  
His cheeks are reddening into deeper smiles,  
And shining lids are trembling o'er his long  
Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves o'er them;  
Half open, from beneath them the clear blue  
Laughs out, although in slumber. He must dream—  
Of what? Of Paradise?—Ay! dream of it,  
My disinherited boy! 'Tis but a dream;  
For never more thyself, thy sons, nor fathers,  
Shall walk in that forbidden place of joy! pp. 412, 413.

Adah rebukes, and tries to chase away this repining spirit, but in vain. The child now awakes to assist her; and she says,

'Look! how he laughs and stretches out his arms,  
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,  
To hail his father; while his little form  
Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk not of pain!  
The childless cherubs well might envy thee  
The pleasures of a parent; Bless him, Cain;  
As yet he hath no words to thank thee; but  
His heart will, and thine own too.' p. 418.

Abel then comes and reminds his brother of their agreement to sacrifice together; to which, after some resistance, he sullenly assents; and Abel hallows his offering with a devout prayer. We have studiously avoided transcribing offensive passages; and perhaps ought not, upon that principle, to insert the address of Cain. We think, however, we may venture on it as the least obnoxious specimen of the prevailing tone of this extraordinary drama. It is as follows,—and directed to be delivered standing erect.

'Spirit! whate'er or whosoe'er thou art,  
Omnipotent, it may be—and, if good,  
Shown in the exemption of thy deeds from evil;  
Jehovah upon earth! and God in heaven!  
And it may be with other names, because  
Thine attributes seem many, as thy works:—  
If thou must be propitiated with prayers,  
Take them! If thou must be induced with altars,  
And soften'd with a sacrifice, receive them!  
Two beings here erect them unto thee.  
If thou lov'st blood, the shepherd's shrine, which smokes  
On my right hand, hath shed it for thy service  
In the first of his flock, whose limbs now reek  
In sanguinary incense to thy skies;  
Or if the sweet and blooming fruits of earth,  
And milder seasons, which the unstain'd turf  
I spread on them now offers in the face  
Of the broad sun which ripen'd them, may seem  
Good to thee, inasmuch as they have not  
Suffer'd in limb or life, and rather form  
A sample of thy works, than supplication  
To look on ours! If a shrine without victim,  
And altar without gore, may win thy favour,  
Look on it! and for him who dresseth it,  
He is—such as thou mad'st him; seeks nothing  
Which must be won by kneeling. If he's evil,  
Strike him! thou art omnipotent, and may'st,  
For what can he oppose? If he be good,  
Strike him, or spare him, as thou wilt! since all  
Rests upon thee; and good and evil seem  
To have no power themselves, save in thy will;  
And whether that be good or ill I know not,  
Not being omnipotent, not fit to judge  
Omnipotence; but merely to endure  
Its mandate—which thus far I have endured. pp. 424, 425.

The catastrophe follows soon after, and is brought about with great dramatic skill and effect. The murderer is sorrowful and confounded,—his parents reprobate and renounce him,—his wife clings to him with eager and unhesitating affection; and they wander forth together into the vast solitude of the universe.

We have now gone through the poetical part of this volume, and ought here, perhaps, to close our account of it. But there are a few pages in prose that are more talked of than all the rest; and which lead irresistibly to topics, upon which it seems at last necessary that we should express an opinion. We allude to the concluding part of the Appendix to the 'The Two Foscari,' in which Lord B. resumes his habitual complaint of the hostility which he has experienced from the writers of his own country,—makes reprisals on those who have assailed



his reputation,—and inflicts in particular, a memorable chastisement upon the unhappy Laureate, interspersed with some political reflections of great weight and authority. These last, at all events, we think it a duty to extract: Because they appear to us to contain, in a very short compass, and mixed up with predictions which we trust may still be disappointed, some of those great fundamental truths as to the condition and prospects of the country, which every man, not blinded by faction, ought continually to bear in mind,—and because they are expressed with a force and simplicity which may give them a chance of being read and remembered even by the most careless and impatient of our readers.

Mr. Southey, Lord B. observes, after reproaching, in his fashion, the strain and tendency of his poetry,

“—calls upon the ‘legislature to look to it,’ as the toleration of such writings led to the French Revolution:—not such writings as Wat Tyler, but as those of the ‘Satanic School.’ This is not true; and Mr. Southey knows it to be not true. Every French writer of any freedom was persecuted; Voltaire and Rousseau were exiles, Marmontel and Diderot were sent to the Bastille, and a perpetual war was waged with the whole class by the existing despotism. In the next place, the French Revolution was not occasioned by any writings whatsoever, but must have occurred had no such writers ever existed. It is the fashion to attribute every thing to the French Revolution, and the French Revolution to every thing but its real cause. That cause is obvious—the government exacted too much, and the people could neither give nor bear more. Without this, the Encyclopedists might have written their fingers off without the occurrence of a single alteration. And the English Revolution—(the first, I mean)—what was it occasioned by? The *Parvians* were surely as pious and moral as Wesley or his biographer? Acts—acts on the part of government, and not writings against them, have caused the past convulsions,—and are tending to the future.

“I look upon such as inevitable, though no revolutionist: I wish to see the English constitution restored and not destroyed. Born an aristocrat, and naturally one by temper, with the greater part of my present property in the funds, what have I to gain by a revolution? Perhaps I have more to lose in every way than Mr. Southey, with all his places, and presents for panegyrics and abuse into the bargain. But that a revolution is inevitable, I repeat. The government may exit over the repression of petty tumults; these are but the receding waves repulsed and broken for a moment on the shore, while the great tide is still rolling on and gaining ground with every breaker. Mr. Southey accuses us of attacking the religion of the country; and is he abetting it by writing lives of *Wesley*? One mode of worship is merely destroyed by another. There never was, nor never will be, a country without a religion. We shall be told of *France* again: but it was only Paris and a frantic party, which for a moment upheld their dogmatic nonsense of theophilanthropy. The church of England, if overthrown, will be swept away by the sectarians and not by the sceptics. People are too wise, too well informed, too certain of their own immense importance in the realms of space, ever to submit to the impiety of doubt. There may be a few such diffident speculators, like water in the pale sunbeam of human reason; but they are very few; and their opinions, without enthusiasm or appeal to the passions, can never gain proselytes—unless, indeed, they are persecuted—that, to be sure, will increase any thing.” pp. 326—328.

These are weighty and memorable words—and, we trust, they will be marked and digested as they deserve. But we pursue the quotation no farther. We think the abuse of Mr. Southey, both here and in some of Lord B.’s recent poetry, by far too savage and intemperate. It is of ill example we think, in the literary world—and does no honour either to the taste or the temper of the noble author. For the Laureate’s opinion on any question of politics or principle, no person certainly can entertain less respect than we do. But we conceive that the inconsistencies of his life, and the extravagance of his contradictory tenets, have long ago deprived him of all authority with reasonable men—and render his present personalities as insignificant as the earlier ones with which they may now be contrasted. For our own parts, we are far from thinking it impossible that a man of Mr. Southey’s intellectual dimensions, should really make it a matter of conscience to atone for the sedition of his youth by the servility of his riper age. But his first excesses render his last innoxious; and his former violence, which probably suggested his present and its necessary expiation, may safely be left to neutralize its effects. A renegade, too, it should never be forgotten, has an apology for intolerance, both in his temper and his interests, which does not belong to one who has no recantations to justify;—and besides, it would have become Lord B. to have remembered, that his antagonist, whatever may be his failings, was a person of respectable talents, and, in private life, of irreproachable character.

But it is not with him, or the merits of the treatment he has either given or received, that we have now any concern. We have a word or two to say on the griefs of Lord Byron himself. He complains bitterly of the detraction by which he has been assailed—and intimates that his works have been received by the public with far less cordiality and favour than he was entitled to expect. We are constrained to say that this

appears to us a very extraordinary mistake. In the whole course of our experience, we cannot recollect a single author who has had so little reason to complain of his reception—to whose genius the public has been so early and so constantly just—to whose faults they have been so long and so signally indulgent. From the very first, he must have been aware that he offended the principles and shocked the prejudices of the majority, by his sentiments, as much as he delighted them by his talents. Yet there never was an author so universally and warmly applauded, so gently admonished—so kindly entreated to look more heedfully to his opinions. He took the praise, as usual, and rejected the advice. As he grew in fame and authority, he aggravated all his offences—clung morose fondly to all he had been reproached with—and only took leave of *Childe Harold* to ally himself to *Don Juan*! That he has since been talked of, in public and in private, with less unmingled admiration—that his name is now mentioned as often for censure as for praise—and that the exultation with which his countrymen once hailed the greatest of our living poets, is now alloyed by the recollection of the tendency of his writings—is matter of notoriety to all the world; but matter of surprise we should imagine, to nobody but Lord B. himself.

He would fain persuade himself, indeed, that this decline of his popularity—or rather this stain upon its lustre—for he is still popular beyond all other example—and it is only because he is so that we feel any interest in this discussion;—he wishes to believe, that he is indebted for the censures that have reached him, not to any actual demerits of his own, but to the jealousy of those he has supplanted, the envy of those he has outshone, or the party rancour of those against whose corruptions he has testified;—while, at other times, he seems inclined to insinuate, that it is chiefly because he is a *Gentleman* and a *Nobleman* that plebeian censors have conspired to bear him down! We scarcely think, however, that these theories will pass with Lord B. himself—we are sure they will pass with no other person. They are so manifestly inconsistent as mutually to destroy each other—and so weak, as to be quite insufficient to account for the fact, even if they could be effectually combined for that purpose. The party that Lord B. has offended, bears no malice to Lords and Gentlemen. Against its rancour, on the contrary, these qualities have undoubtedly been his best protection; and had it not been for them, he may be assured that he would, long ere now, have been shown up in the pages of the *Quarterly*, with the same candour and liberality that has there been exercised towards his friend *Lady Morgan*. That the base and the bigotted—those whom he has darkened by his glory, spited by his talent, or mortified by his neglect—have taken advantage of the prevailing disaffection, to vent their puny malice in silly nicknames and vulgar scurrility, is natural and true. But Lord B. may depend upon it, that the dissatisfaction is not confined to them,—and, indeed, that they would never have had the courage to assail one so immeasurably their superior, if he had not at once made himself vulnerable by his errors, and alienated his natural defenders by his obstinate adherence to them. We are not bigots, nor rival poets. We have not been detractors from Lord Byron’s fame, nor the friends of his detractors; and we tell him—far more in sorrow than in anger—that we verily believe the great body of the English nation—the religious, the moral, and the candid part of it—consider the tendency of his writings to be immoral and pernicious—and look upon his perseverance in that strain of composition with regret and reprehension. We ourselves are not easily startled, either by levity of temper or boldness, or even rashness of remark; we are, moreover, most sincere admirers of Lord Byron’s genius—and have always felt a pride and an interest in his fame. But we cannot dissent from the censure to which we have alluded; and shall endeavour to explain, in as few and as temperate words as possible, the grounds upon which we rest our concurrence.

He has no priestlike cant or priestlike reviling to apprehend from us. We do not charge him with being either a disciple or an apostle of Satan; nor do we describe his poetry as a mere compound of blasphemy and obscenity. On the contrary, we are inclined to believe that he wishes well to the happiness of mankind—and are glad to testify, that his poems abound with sentiments of great dignity and tenderness, as well as passages of infinite sublimity and beauty. But their general tendency we believe to be in the highest degree pernicious; and we even think that it is chiefly by means of the fine and lofty sentiments they contain, that they acquire their most fatal power of corruption. This may sound at first, perhaps, like a paradox; but we are mistaken if we shall not make it intelligible enough in the end.

We think there are indecencies and indelicacies, seductive descriptions and profligate representations, which are extremely reprehensible; and also audacious speculations and erroneous and uncharitable assertions, equally indefensible. But if these had stood alone, and if the whole body of his works had been made up of gaudy ribaldry and flashy scepticism, the mischief, we think, would have been much less than it is. He is not more obscene, perhaps, than *Dryden* or *Prior*, and other classical and pardoned writers; nor is there any passage in the history even of *Don Juan*, so degrading as *Tom Jones’s* affair with *Lady Bellaston*. It is no doubt a wretched apology for the indecencies of a man of genius, that equal indecencies have been forgiven to his predecessors; but the precedent of levity might have been followed; and

we might have passed both the levity and the voluptuousness—the dangerous warmth of his romantic situations, and the scandal of his cold-blooded dissipation. It might not have been so easy to get over his dogmatic scepticism—his hardhearted maxims of misanthropy—his cold-blooded and eager expositions of the non-existence of virtue and honour. Even this, however, might have been comparatively harmless, if it had not been accompanied by that which may look, at first sight, as a palliation—the frequent presentation of the most touching pictures of tenderness, generosity, and faith.

The charge we bring against Lord B. in short is, that his writings have a tendency to destroy all belief in the reality of virtue—and to make all enthusiasm and constancy of affection ridiculous; and that this is effected, not merely by direct maxims and examples, of an imposing or seducing kind, but by the constant exhibition of the most profligate heartlessness in the persons of those who had been transiently represented as actuated by the purest and most exalted emotions—and in the lessons of that very teacher who had been, but a moment before, so beautifully pathetic in the expression of the loftiest conceptions. When a rash and gap voluptuary descants, somewhat too freely, on the intoxications of love and wine, we ascribe his excesses to the effervescence of youthful spirits, and do not consider him as seriously impeaching either the value or the reality of the severer virtues; and in the same way, when the satirist deals out his sarcasms against the sincerity of human professions, and unmasks the secret infirmities of our bosoms, we consider this as aimed at hypocrisy, and not at mankind; or, at all events, and in either case, we consider the Sensualist and the Misanthrope as wandering, each in his own delusion—and pity those who have never known the charms of a tender or generous affection. The true antidote to such seductive or revolting views of human nature, is to turn to the scenes of its nobleness and attraction; and to reconcile ourselves again to our kind, by listening to the accents of pure affection and incorruptible honour. But if those accents have flowed, in all their sweetness, from the very lips that instantly open again to mock and blaspheme them, the antidote is mingled with the poison, and the draught is the more deadly for the mixture!

The reveller may pursue his orgies, and the wanton display her enchantments with comparative safety to those around them, while they know or believe that there are purer and higher enjoyments, and teachers and followers of a happier way. But if the priest pass from the altar, with persuasive exhortations to peace and purity still trembling on his tongue, to join familiarly in the grossest and most profane debauchery—if the matron, who has charmed all hearts by the lovely sanctimonies of her conjugal and maternal endearments, glides out from the circle of her children, and gives bold and shameless way to the most abandoned and degrading vices—our notions of right and wrong are at once confounded—our confidence in virtue shaken to the foundations—and our reliance on truth and fidelity at an end for ever.

This is the charge which we bring against Lord Byron. We say that, under some strange misapprehension as to the truth, and the duty of proclaiming it, he has exerted all the powers of his powerful mind to convince his readers, both directly and indirectly, that all ennobling pursuits, and disinterested virtues, are mere deceptions or illusions—hollow and despicable mockeries for the most part, and, at best, but laborious follies. Love, patriotism, valour, devotion, constancy, ambition—all are to be laughed at, disbelieved in, and despised!—and nothing is really good, so far as we can gather, but a succession of dangers, to stir the blood, and of banquets and intrigues to soothe it again! If this doctrine stood alone, with its examples, it would revolt, we believe, more than it would seduce:—but the author of it has the unlucky gift of personating all those sweet and lofty illusions, and that with such grace and force and truth to nature that it is impossible not to suppose, for the time, that he is among the most devoted of their votaries—till he casts off the character with a jerk—and, the moment after he has moved and exalted us to the very height of our conception, resumes his mockery at all things serious or sublime—and lets us down at once on some coarse joke, heard-hearted sarcasm, or fierce and relentless personality—as if on purpose to show

‘Who'er was edified, himself was not’—

or to demonstrate practically as it were, and by example, how possible it is to have all fine and noble feelings, or their appearance, for a moment, and yet retain no particle of respect for them—or of belief in their intrinsic worth or permanent reality. Thus, we have an indelicate but very clever scene of the young Juan's concealment in the bed of an amorous matron, and of the torrent of ‘rattling and audacious eloquence’ with which she repels the too just suspicions of her jealous lord. All this is merely comic, and a little coarse:—But then the poet chooses to make this shameless and abandoned woman address to her young gallant, an epistle breathing the very spirit of warm, devoted, pure and unalterable love—thus profaning the holiest language of the heart, and indirectly associating it with the most hateful and degrading sensuality. In like manner, the sublime and terrific description of the Shipwreck is strangely and disgustingly broken by traits of low humour and buffoonery:—and we pass immediately from the moans of an agonizing father fainting over his famished son, to facetious stories of Juan's begging a paw of his fa-

ther's dog—and refusing a slice of his turtlet—as if it were a fine thing to be hard-hearted—and pity and compassion were fit only to be laughed at. In the same spirit, the glorious Ode on the aspirations of Greece after Liberty, is instantly followed up by a strain of dull and cold-blooded ribaldry;—and we are hurried on from the distraction and death of Haidée to merry scenes of intrigue and masquerading in the seraglio. Thus all good feelings are excited only to accustom us to their speedy and complete extinction; and we are brought back, from their transient and theatrical exhibition, to the staple and substantial doctrine of the work, the non-existence of constancy in women or honour in men, and the folly of expecting to meet with any such virtues, or of cultivating them, for an undeserving world;—and all this mixed up with so much wit and cleverness, and knowledge of human nature, as to make it irresistibly pleasant and plausible—while there is not only no antidote supplied, but every thing that might have operated in that way has been anticipated, and presented already in as strong and engaging a form as possible—but under such associations as to rob it of all efficacy, or even turn it into an auxiliary of the poison.

This is our sincere opinion of much of Lord B.'s most splendid poetry—a little exaggerated perhaps in the expression, from a desire to make our exposition clear and impressive—but, in substance, we think merited and correct. We have already said, and we deliberately repeat, that we have no notion that Lord B. had any mischievous intention in these publications—and readily acquit him of any wish to corrupt the morals, or impair the happiness of his readers. Such a wish, indeed, is in itself altogether inconceivable; but it is our duty, nevertheless, to say, that much of what he has published appears to us to have this tendency—and that we are acquainted with no writings so well calculated to extinguish in young minds all generous enthusiasm and gentle affection—all respect for themselves, and all love for their kind—to make them practise and profess hardly what it teaches them to suspect in others—and actually to persuade them that it is wise and manly and knowing, to laugh, not only at self-denial and restraint, but at all aspiring ambition, and all warm and constant affection.

How opposite to this is the system, or the temper, of the great author of *Waverley*—the only living individual to whom Lord Byron must submit to be ranked as inferior in genius—and still more deplorably inferior in all that makes genius either amiable in itself, or useful to society! With all his unrivalled power of invention and judgment, of pathos and pleasantry, the tenor of his sentiments is uniformly generous, indulgent, and good-humoured; and so remote from the bitterness of misanthropy, that he never indulges in sarcasm, and scarcely, in any case, carries his merit so far as derision. But the peculiarity by which he stands more broadly and proudly distinguished from Lord Byron is, that, beginning, as he frequently does, with some ludicrous or satirical theme, he never fails to raise out of it some feelings of a generous or gentle kind, and to end by exciting our tender pity, or deep respect for those very individuals or classes of persons who seemed at first to be brought on the stage for our mere sport and amusement—thus making the ludicrous itself subservient to the cause of benevolence—and inculcating, at every turn, and as the true end and result of all his trials and experiments, the love of our kind, and the duty and delight of a cordial and genuine sympathy, with the joys and sorrows of every condition of men. It seems to be Lord Byron's way, on the contrary, never to excite a kind or a noble sentiment, without making haste to obliterate it by a torrent of unfeeling mockery or relentless abuse, and taking pains to show how well those passing fantasies may be reconciled to a system of resolute misanthropy, or so managed as even to enhance its merits, or confirm its truth. With what different sensations, accordingly, do we read the works of these two great writers!—With the one, we seem to share a gay and gorgeous banquet—with the other, a wild and dangerous intoxication. Let Lord Byron bethink him of this contrast—and its causes and effects. Though he scorns the precepts, and defies the censure of ordinary men, he may yet be moved by the example of his only superior!—In the mean time, we have endeavoured to point out the canker that stains the splendid flowers of his poetry—or, rather, the serpent that lurks beneath them. If it will not listen to the voice of the charmer, that brilliant garden, gay and glorious as it is, must be deserted, and its existence deplored, as a snare to the unwary.

There is a minor blemish, of which we meant to say something also—but it is scarcely worth while—we mean the outrageous, and, till he set the example, the unprecedented personalities in which this noble author indulges. We have already noticed the ferocity of his attacks on Mr. Southey. The Laureate had railed at him indeed before; but he had railed ‘in good set terms’;—and, if we recollect right, had not even mentioned his Lordship's name. It was all, in his exquisite way, by innuendo. In spite of this, we do not mean to deny that Lord B. had a right to name Mr. Southey—but he had no right to say any thing of Mr. Southey's wife; and the mention of her, and of many other people, is cruel, coarse, and unbecoming. If his Lordship's sense of propriety does not cure him of this propensity, we hope his pride may. For the practice has gone down to such imitators, as can do him no honour in pointing to him as their original. We rather think it would be better, after all, to be called the founder of the Satanic School, than the master of the JOHN BULLS, BEACONS, and SENTINELS.



# ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

—525—

## Indian News.

The Shipping Report of yesterday mentioned the Arrival of the *BENGAL MERCHANT* from London, the Isle of France and Madras. A List of her Passengers will be found in the usual column. An unknown Vessel was said to be standing in below the Light House, of which no further particulars were ascertained before this Sheet went to Press.

By this arrival we have received Madras Papers of the 27th and 28th of September, being seven days later than the regular *Dawk* but they contain no News of importance.

We have been amused, as a Contemporary would say, at a Censored Sheet of one of the Madras Papers sent up to us by a private hand, with the Censor's Initials on its front, in which the Report of the Portuguese Anniversary of their Independence (published in all the Papers of this Presidency, except *JOHN BULL*) is scored and blotted and slashed over with a thick pen as if the hand that obliterated the sentiments of freedom there breathed forth, was animated by a more than common feeling of hatred to the cause it celebrated. Our own introductory comments on this Meeting are scored through so thickly that there is no reading many parts of them. Even the President's Speech on introducing the Health of the King of England is crossed over three times, because (possibly) it talks of the only duty of Rulers being to promote the happiness of their subjects. The compliments to the Marquis of Hastings as the Liberator of the Indian Press are shewn no more mercy; and Mr. Fergusson's eloquent and noble denunciation of the slavish Censorship is marked over till it has become a perfect blot! The health of Sir Francis Macnaghten, the Speech of Mr. Palmer, that of Captain Keppel, and even the brief avowal of Mr. Trower, "that the Civil Service of India were all the Sons of Liberty and Freedom," are erased without scruple; so unsuited are such harmless things to the meridian of Madras. Even the Portuguese Songs, which not many would perhaps understand, are all struck out, and the Sheet is just as much blotted as if it had been on the Table of the House of Commons when one of the enraged Members is said to have thrown an inkstand at the head of his opponent by way of enforcing his argument, and the dark fluid had meandered in streams and rivulets over its pages.

We have had many Madras Censored Sheets before, but none so rich as this; and we intend to have it framed and glazed to be preserved in the Library as a Memorial of the Times, to shew how different the temper of public feeling must be supposed to be in two Presidencies of the same Empire, where at the fountain-head of "Faction and Sedition," as it was of late the fashion to consider our own,—a Report might safely be published, while it could not be allowed to taint the purer air of a climate only a few degrees of Latitude further South.

We regret that this reached us at too late an hour for us to say half of what we wish; but we must pay the Supreme Government this just and merited compliment, to say, that as the permitting the publication of the Report, and suppressing it, cannot BOTH be right, we think their fearlessness of evil consequences, and consciousness of security under so much Freedom of the Press as this amounts to, as far superior to the inexplicable timidity of the suppressors of a mere Dinner Report elsewhere, as the conduct of America in permitting all truths to be published is superior to that of any other country in which none is allowed to see the light.

Corrupt motive, we suppose, there can be known. It is a mere difference of opinion as to what may be safely permitted and what may not; but the peace and tranquillity that has succeeded during the dull month that has elapsed since the Report was issued here, has shewn beyond a doubt that such Censorial suppression was wholly unnecessary, as far as the averting evil consequences were concerned; at least we have heard of no such consequences, and if any had occurred, we should be among the first to be reproached as being the mover and the cause, so much are some people in the habit of tracing all such evil up to one common source.

In passing to matters of News, we should mention that we have been favoured by a kind Friend with the sight of a Letter from the H. C. Ship *PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES*, dated the 16th of May, 1822, on the Line, in Longitude 20° West, the *Rose* in company. They sailed from St. Helena on the 7th of May, and the Passengers in both Ships were all well, Mr. Heming is particularly named, as being in "prime health."

## Postscript.

Journal Office, 8 P. M.

We stop the Press to announce the arrival of a Ship from Liverpool, the 14th of June, by which we have received Files of English Papers, from which we shall draw largely for our Paper of to-morrow.

## Military Writers' Pay.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

Conceiving that PROVERBS are the best materials for thinking, I occasionally amuse myself in looking over a collection of them, and lately stumbled upon one that says, "Touch a man's purse and you will quicken his wit." Now, good Sir, my purse has been often touched, and if the query arising from this effort of mine be enlisted under your banners, I shall flatter myself that my wit has been quickened. Let us come to the point.

Are Writers employed in Military Offices, Military men or not? If we take the third explanation (which is the only suitable one) in Johnson's Dictionary, we find, "*Military*," to be "*effected by Soldiers*." Now I maintain that Writers in Military Staff Offices, such as the Adjutant General's, Quarter Master General's, Commissary General's, Auditor General's, Pay Office General (now Accountant to the Military Department,) Pay Offices, &c. are Military Men to all intents and purposes. I hold fast to this, for the following reasons:—

They are employed in Military Offices. They are paid in *Sonot* Rupees, the coin in which the Bengal Army is paid. They are subject by the Articles of War to Martial Law.

If it be said notwithstanding, that they are not Military Men. I can only observe, remove the cause and the effect will cease; or in other words, let there be no Military Offices and there will be no Writers.

When Pay is advertised by Government to be issued to the Troops at this Presidency and the other Stations of the Army, on a particular specified date, Writers in Military Offices are as much entitled to their Pay as the Troops. For instance, Pay is notified, on or about the 28th of each Month (say September) for issue, on or after the 12th Proximo (October.) Writers are at that period most undoubtedly entitled to their's for the month of September. It has been stated not, and the reason assigned is, that Military Pay is very different from *Koreeny* Pay; but surely such a reason cannot be satisfactory; if we be subject to all the evils of our situation, who will be so churlish as to deprive us of its sweets? I am one of the many who unfortunately anticipate my due, and am consequently obliged to discount my Salary Bill, and in doing this, to submit to the loss of One Month and 12 Day's Interest, when, according to my ideas, I ought only to be subjected to a discount for the odd 12 days; but what vexes me most is, that I can get no satisfactory reason why it should be so. Because an evil exists, or has existed, is it therefore to be perpetuated? Forbid it, all Kindred Spirits; "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again."

Stationary Magazine, }  
October 4, 1822. }

INK POWDER.

## Assemblies.

Last Saturday forenoon there was a Meeting at the Town Hall of several of the Subscribers to the Calcutta Assemblies for 1822. Charles Trower, Esq. having been called to the Chair, the Gentlemen, whose names are subjoined, were nominated to be Stewards of the Assemblies, by a large majority:—

CHARLES TROWER, ESQ.	H. FORBES, ESQ.
COLONEL STEVENSON.	A. COLVIN, ESQ.
CAPT. HON. G. KEPPEL,	W. PALMER, ESQ.
CAPT. COBBE,	J. GRANT, ESQ.
C. HOGG, ESQ.	LIEUT. DOYLE.

The following Resolutions were then passed:—

1. That the Stewards shall be always on duty by rotation.
2. That Colonel Stevenson, Mr. Forbes, and Mr. C. Hogg. be constituted a Committee for superintending the wines and the general Supper details.
3. That Mr. Rappa be engaged to furnish the Band.
4. That on every Assembly night, Supper be announced precisely at 12 o'clock; and that the Stewards on duty stop the music peremptorily as soon as Mr. Gunter intimates that Supper is on the table.
5. That the distinguishing decoration of the Stewards, as a badge of their office, be a light blue ribbon under their coats.
6. That the Stewards on duty shall be at the Rooms on each Assembly night at 9 o'clock.
7. That the following days be fixed upon for the Assemblies:—Wednesday, the 23d October.—Wednesday, the 13th November.—Wednesday, the 27th November.—Wednesday, the 11th December.—Wednesday, the 1st January.—Wednesday, the 15th January.
8. That the thanks of the Meeting be given to Mr. Trower, for his conduct in the chair.

Town-Hall, Calcutta, } (Signed) C. TROWER,  
Saturday, October 4, 1822. } Chairman.

## Regular Physicians.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

Amid all the arguments which have lately appeared in your valuable JOURNAL regarding regular Physicians, Surgeons, &c. I decidedly agree in the opinion expressed by the late learned Dr. Gregory, and which has lately been quoted by one of your Correspondents; it is as follows:—"If a Surgeon or Apothecary has got the education and knowledge required in a Physician, he is a Physician to all intents and purposes, whether he is a Doctor or not, and ought to be respected and treated accordingly."

A man who has passed an examination before any one of the Colleges of London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, either as a Physician or Surgeon, has obtained by that examination, a license to practice his profession, from an assurance that he has acquired a knowledge of its first principles or rudiments, on which he is, by his own exertions, to build his future fame; and how many are there, whom I could mention (who after having received the necessary preparatory education) have commenced their career in the lowest rank of the profession, that of an Apothecary, and who have risen by their superior genius and industry to the highest professional eminence, and consequently have been an honor to the body to which they belonged. In short, a thorough knowledge of the profession of Physic or Surgery, is only to be acquired by long practice, and by diligent and careful observation at the bedside of the patient. The idea then that a Doctor's Degree, or a title *a one* can give a man sense or command esteem, is altogether absurd, and sure I am that by the well informed and liberal part of his brethren, a Physician or Surgeon will only be respected as such, in proportion to his knowledge of, and zeal in, his profession, without any regard to the particular College at which he received his education.

October 1, 1822.

C—.

## Selections.

Bombay, Sept. 14, 1822.—The ship *Roscoe*, Captain Niel Morison, from Liverpool the 14th May, arrived here yesterday morning. Passengers: Messrs. J. M. Gillanders and R. W. Frazer. This vessel has brought neither packets nor letters.

A letter from London of 11th May, states that the BOMBAY MERCHANT would be dispatched in a few days; JAMES SIBBALD in all the month; BARKWORTH in the course of the next week, and the WATERLOO by the end of June. The *OGLE CASTLE* arrived off Penzance the 3d of May, but easterly winds had prevented her getting up the Channel.

Ministers were in a minority of 15 on the renewed question for the abolition of one of the joint Postmasters General.

The *PHENIX* was advertised for Bombay, Sir John Malcolm has arrived in England.

Letters from the Gulph, dated in July, state, that an additional Turkish force under Hassan Pasha had arrived and taken position in Kasseen, and that a further reinforcement was expected, which was to be posted more towards the banks of the Euphrates. It was expected that Ibrahim Pasha was to take the general command of all these forces, and he had consequently been recalled from the service in Nubia. It is further stated that Shaik Manjed has received a firman from Mahomed Ali Pasha of Egypt directing him to obey and attend to all Hassan Pasha's orders and suggestions.

A letter from Teheran also mentions that there was no intelligence from Europe, except that, judging from reports, it was probable the Porte had settled her differences with Russia. It was also hoped that similar arrangements would soon be effected between the Persian court and Constantinople.

We copied in our last number the critique of the *QUARTERLY REVIEW* on Mr. Buckingham's late work—*TRAVELS IN PALATINE*. We have since received Calcutta Papers from the 12th to 16th August, from which we perceive that the critique has been republished also by Mr. Buckingham, and that this gentleman has replied, at considerable length, to the critical observations of the reviewer, and has published likewise a long series of documentary evidence in support of his refutation of the charges against his moral character. The latter would occupy more room than we can at present spare; but we have, in justice to Mr. B., thought it right to devote a considerable portion of our subsequent columns to the first part of his vindication of himself and his work.

The *NEPTON*, Captain Theaker, will sail direct for London this-day. The next ship will be the *KATHERINE STEWART FORBES*, to sail hence in the first week of next month.

The Entertainments at the Theatre advertised for Monday next are expected to draw a crowded house. In addition to a great variety of new dresses and new scenery, we understand that an Epilogue is to be spoken by one of the Amateurs.—*Bombay Courier*.

*Madras Gazette* Sept. 28, 1822.—We feel peculiar pleasure in giving publicity to the following correspondence.

To Captain T. W. Aldham, Commander of the *H. C. Ship Astell*.

SIR,

At the end of so long a voyage on board your Ship from England to Madras, we beg you to accept the expression of our thanks for your liberal and general attention to us.

From the great number of Officers on board, we are impressed with a sense of the difficulties of so arduous a task to yourself, and are convinced that nothing but your anxious wishes, so often expressed, and your exertions to promote our comforts, could have rendered our situation as agreeable as it has been.

On our separation from you, we beg you to be assured of our best wishes for your future happiness and prosperity, and that we remain,

Very faithfully yours,

THOS. HAWKER, Col. Lieut.-Col. 13th L. D. JNO. WM. MALLETT, Lieut.-Col. 89th Regt. M. BOYD, Major, H. E. I. C. Service. EDM. CARTWRIGHT, Major, Bengal Infantry. JAMES WALLIS, Major, 46th Regt. RICHARD C. ROSE, Capt. 89th Regt. JAS. LESLIE, Capt. 54th Regt. L. MACLAINE, Captain of the Royal Regiment. A. MACDONALD, Captain of the Royal Regt. T. H. HOCKLEY, Captain, Madras Artillery. A. CAMPBELL, Lieut. 46th Regt. EDW. C. BRISCOE, Lieut. 41st Regt. RICHARD KELLY, Lt. 41st Regt. A. H. MCLEAN, Lt. 41st Regt. GEO. B. ROSE, Lieut. and Adj. 69th Regt. J. H. FRENCH, Lieut. 46th Regt. CHAS. O'NEIL, Lieut. 89th Regt. JNO. G. BRAYAN, Lieut. 54th Regt. J. BLACKALL, Lieut. 30th Regt. JOSEPH LYNAN, Lieut. 13th L. D. G. MANNERS, Lieut. 54th Regt. FRED. THORNBURY, Lieut. 54th Regt. THOS. VINCENT, Lieut. 41st Regt. G. A. MAHON, Lieut. 46th Regt. WM. KENNEDY, Lieut. 89th Regt. ALMAND PICKETT, Lieut. of the Royal Regt. G. W. MALIN, Ensign, 54th Lt. C. STEWART, Ensign, 69th Lt.



E. A. G. MULLER, Ensign of the Royal Regt. WILLIAM HENRY CHURCH, Ensign of the Royal Regiment. CHAS. HENRY MARSCHAUX, Ensign, 30th Regiment. JOHN FORD, Ensign, 69th Regiment. FRED. CONSIDINE, Ensign, 54th Regiment. J. P. GORDON, Ensign, 89th Regiment. JAMES WALSH, Assistant Surgeon, 89th Regiment. GEORGE LEICH, Assistant Surgeon, 54th Regiment. HUGH ORR, Assistant Surgeon, 89th Regiment. JOHN LORD, Firm of Christie, Lord and Co. Calcutta.—Hon'ble Company's Ship *Astell*, Madras Roads, 22d Sept. 1822.

To Colonel Thomas Haeker, the Officers under his command, Officers of the Hon'ble Company's Service, and Private Passengers.

GENTLEMEN,

I beg to acknowledge your Letter of this date, and to assure you the flattering attestation of your feelings on my conduct as Commander of the *ASTELL*, is highly gratifying.

Your number required in my indulgent considerations of the difficulties imposed on me, and it is but justice to ascribe the pleasure and satisfaction you express, in a far greater degree to your own most polite sense of those difficulties and gentlemanly deportment than to my exertions.

Be pleased to accept my warmest thanks for this testimony of your approbation and good wishes, and allow me to wish you all health and happiness, and that in their full enjoyment you may return to your Native Land.

I remain, Gentleman, Yours with sincerity,

THOS. W. ALDHAM, Commander, H. C. Ship *Astell*.  
H. C. Ship *Astell*, Madras Roads, 23d Sept. 1822.

The *ASTELL* will sail in prosecution of her voyage to Calcutta at day-break to-morrow; and the *WINDSOR CASTLE* be despatched for England on or about the 4th Proximo.

*East India House*.—The following Advertisement from the East India House appears in the *London Gazette* of the 18th May.

"*East India House*, May 15, 1822.

The Court of Directors of the United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies, do hereby give notice.

That a General Court of the said Company will be held at their House, in Leadenhall-Street, on Wednesday the 29th instant, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for the special purpose of laying before the Proprietors an unanimous resolution of the Court of Directors, of thanks to The Most Noble The Marquis of Hastings, K. G. and G. C. B. Governor General of Bengal; which resolution is now open at this House for the perusal of the proprietors.

JOSEPH DART, Secretary."

*Letter from Benares*.—Pirthea Paul Singh has crossed the border of Turkey in Asia, commonly called Oude, and has made his appearance in more than one district situated on the frontier of our Provinces, accompanied by a band of followers. Two or three troops of the 1st Cavalry from Sultanpore Benares, and several companies of Infantry have in consequence been detached in pursuit. We have not heard whether a detail of Artillery has been ordered out this time; but the wisdom, which dictated the accompaniment of guns on the last occasion, and the highly important and beneficial effects produced by their destructive operation, must evidently shew the necessity and use "of this arm" on services like the present. We rather think one or two pieces have gone with the Cavalry.—*Private Letter*.

*Pirthea Paul Singh*.—By a Letter from Benares, dated the 30th ultimo, we learn that the notorious rebel and murderer, Pirthea Paul Singh, had returned to his late Zumeendaree in Oude, and collected between three and four hundred armed partizans ready to join in his lawless enterprises. Having been driven thence into the Company's Territories, detachments of Cavalry and Infantry from Benares, Sultanpore, Jaunpore, &c. under the Command of Lieutenant Colonel Clarke of the 1st Cavalry, have been ordered out against him; and it is to be hoped that these measures will prove sufficient to put an end to the reign of devastation and terror in that part of the country.

The *MIRAT-OL-UKHBAR* of Friday last, gives the following account of the battle fought between the Turks and Persians, which was before noticed in our paper of the 25th ultimo, in a short extract from the Bombay Native Newspaper called the *BOMBAY NA SUMMACHAR*. The particulars given below are somewhat different:—

*A brief account of the Battle fought between the Persian and the Turkish forces, from a Letter received from Bussorah, dated the 15th Shawwal 1237 Hijree*

On account of these hostilities between the Persians and Turks, trade here is at a very low ebb. The merchants of Arabia and other countries who resided in Baghdad, fled from the City in different direc-

tions through the ill-treatment of the Pasha of Baghdad. The Governor of Bussorah has also begun to act harshly towards those within his jurisdiction. Abbas Mirza, the heir apparent of the King of Persia, had invaded the Ottoman territories in that quarter, and laid them waste. He carried 16,000 families into captivity and took them to Azoor Barjan. Mohammed Hoossein Mirza, again, the son of the late Mohammed Alee Mirza, attacked the Turks, and advancing through Kurmishan at a distance of twelve day's journey from Baghdad at the head of an army, made an immense slaughter in the countries of Kurdistan and Baghdad and dyed the face of the earth with blood. It is probable that he means to attack Bussorah; and it was supposed he would send an army to Bussorah through Buhbahan.

In short a very desperate contest has taken place between the two powers. May God bring it to a happy termination, for the sake of Mohammed and his descendants, upon whom be every lasting peace and blessing. The zeal of Mosulmanism and the bond of brotherhood require that, for the success of this transitory existence, they should not be so ambitious; but on the contrary afford each other assistance to oppose the attacks of an enemy who have collected like the ants and locusts against the Ottoman Power; in the same manner as the Emperor of Russia in consideration of his religious ties with the Greeks, came forward with an intention to fight against the Porte. The least that could be expected from the zeal of Mosulmanism was, that at this season of difficulty when the whole attention of the Turks is directed towards the Greeks and Russians, the Persians should have refrained from attacking them and laying their countries waste, that their forces might not be divided.

*Melancholy Accident*.—As Mr. John Andrew Wheelan and three other Europeans were returning from being on a visit on board the Ship *CATHARINE*, lying off Chaudpaul Ghant, about 10 o'clock on Friday evening, the former unfortunately lost his balance and fell over board. In falling he caught hold of one of his companions and dragged him also into the water, but the latter clung to the Dingy and thereby saved himself. They immediately used every exertion to rescue Wheelan from a watery grave, but to no purpose; and according to the last accounts we have received, the body has not yet been found. The deceased, we understand, formerly acted as steward in vessels sailing to this port, and about a year ago set up as a provisioner. Having failed in this business, he for sometime supported himself by pursuing the occupation of a teacher, in which he had no better success. Latterly he was endeavouring to obtain employment as steward in a vessel, and on Saturday we hear a situation of this kind had been obtained for him by some of his friends, on board the Danish ship *ZOHANNA MARIA*, Capt. Dantzfelt. But in the meantime, unknown to them, Death had suddenly put an end to all his earthly hopes and cares.

Since receiving the above intelligence we have been told (and we believe it) that the deceased was supposed to be in a state of intoxication at the time he met his untimely end. How lamentable it is that the numerous causes of death that beset on every side the European Constitution in India, we should of ourselves voluntarily add that of intemperance, which in every country where indulged to excess, is more destructive to human life than the most fatal diseases; and the evils of it in this country are perhaps more aggravated by circumstances than in any other. Besides casualties such as that above described (which are but too numerous in the dangerous boats that are used on this river) and the mortal diseases that ensue from the immoderate use of liquor, there are other evils which to a European ought not to be of less importance. We yesterday inserted a letter complaining of the harsh treatment to which two European Sailors were subjected by Native Police Officers or Chowkedars, who were described as dragging the poor fellows along, beating them on the head with bludgeons, and reviling them in the most degrading terms. Who after reading such a description, can hesitate for a moment to pronounce that the men had been reduced to that state by intoxication; and who but knows that any European who should similarly expose himself, might expect to be maltreated in the very same manner? The Chowkedars, timid by nature, and in dread of the bodily strength and mental energy of the European, rush upon him in a body and having subdued him by force of numbers, exult with a cowardly ferocity over their fallen antagonist and set no limits to their brutal revenge.—Can any European acquainted with the manners of this country, and who has the pride of a man about him, expose himself to such ignominy and degrade his own countrymen in the eyes of the Natives, to whom, from the general temperance of their habits, a person in a state of intoxication is doubly despicable? If there be the shadow of an excuse for any, it may perhaps be pleaded for Common Sailors, considering the great temptations to which from their inveterate habits and manner of life they are exposed; and we therefore feel ourselves compelled to bestow a due meed of praise on those pious men who endeavour by moral and religious instruction to counteract such vicious propensities. On the other hand we cannot refrain from expressing our detestation and abhorrence of that infamous print *JOHN BULL*, which with the Crown, Sceptre and Bible at its head, and the sacred name of God, the KING and the PEOPLE, scoffs at piety and morality, and attempts to turn the efforts of the servants of God into derision! In that paper of the 13th

of May, the last we have seen or which has perhaps reached this country, we find the following article, from which it appears that having discharged its duty of vilifying the Queen of England for which it was established, and of slandering the private characters of all that was great and patriotic in the Kingdom every species of infamous work being tried and exhausted, it at last, to feed the soul appetite of its readers, has turned to the mockery of Morality and Religion:—

JOHN BULL, MAY 13, 1822.

Our readers may perhaps remember that some time since we gave an account of a society called the BETHEL UNION, whose pious care it is to prevent sailors, on their return from sea, from eating unripe fruit, drinking grog, getting sweet-hearts, dancing, fiddling, or smoking tobacco.

These great objects are to be effected by the immediate application of Parsons to the Jacks, on the moment of their landing, who are to lay hold on the ease-devoted victims, and carry them off to some place of worship.

There is something so truly absurd, not to say unnatural, in this scheme, that we really had no notion it could ever be seriously carried on: but we find that a meeting has taken place at Milford Haven, where innumerable Ministers of various persuasions volunteered their services to supersede the use of grog.

We cannot picture to ourselves any thing more ridiculous than seeing two or three dozen of these hypocritical sailors sitting at their windows, peeping through bean-pots, watching for an arrival of a boat crew of strapping fellows, with tails as thick as one's arm—in breeches in their shirts, quids in their mouths, and powder buckles in their shoes—and all sallying out to receive them and begin their work, which according to the directions of the Bethel Society is no child's-play; for they are each to fasten on a sailor and having first taken him to some place of worship, they are to remain with him all day, and shew him what much purer pleasures are to be found in religious conversation, than in fiddling or drinking, or dancing with light-hearted young ladies.

We have already asked what right any set of canting Methodists have to single out any particular class of his Majesty's subjects for this sort of dictatorial restraint? Most certainly if the Bethel Union were to dare to publish, that no shoemaker, or carpenter, in the King's dominions, should drink a glass of brandy and water, or take a walk with a young woman, and attempt to enforce their unnatural dietum, by the substitution of their greasy-headed Ministers, as companions to said shoemakers and carpenters, we think that the shoemakers and carpenters would soon let them know that England is a free country, and its subjects free agents!

Why then are our sailors to be assailed, at the moment of their return from fighting our battles and supporting our trade after years of toil and danger:—why, we ask, are they to be assailed by these canting animals, who would see the sailor from being robbed by the prostitute by getting all they could out of his pockets for themselves? What right have the Bethel Union to check the impulses of nature? Do they mean to say that all the gallant fellows who have gained us the victories which recorded in our annals are gone to perdition because before the institution of such quakeries, they danced and drank, and sang, enjoyed and themselves?

Our upon such trash!—We should grieve (though we should not be surprised) if this meddling with the pleasures and comforts of our sailors were to create a serious or unpleasant feeling in the navy. But we do sincerely hope, when any of these smooth-face fawning Jesuits of the school of humbug, try to make their first attempt upon JACK that he, on one side, and the objectionable ladies on the other, will contrive so to cudgel and duck the canters that they will be induced to transfer their exertions to some better cause than that of running down women, and interfering with the harmless pleasures of our gallant defenders.—*Harkara.*

**Varieties.—Reason for inseparable Friendship.**—Two individuals who paid their devotions rather too frequently to the shrine or temple of Bacchus, and were each often much puzzled how to get to their homes after their nightly orgies, fell upon the following expedient. One of them had often noticed that the other became quite gone in his upper works long before he lost the perfect use of his limbs; while he himself could sit and enjoy the bottle long after his feet were unfit for service; he therefore proposed to the other that they should chum in future, by which means they could each indulge in their favorite propensities till a much later period than they formerly dare venture to do, as he, who retained his head, altho' he lost his legs, could, by jumping on his friends back, and directing his motions, pilot the laden vessel from Port to Haven.—*John Bull.*

#### HIGH WATER AT CALCUTTA THIS DAY.

	H. M.
Morning, .....	9 49
Evening, .....	10 14

#### Catholic Free School.

To the Editor of the Bengal Harkara.

SIR,

I have just glanced over a communication in the JOURNAL of Saturday last, signed "A LOVER OF EQUITY," and as I conceive the writer to have taken an unwarrantable freedom with the personal concerns of an individual, I beg you will not withhold from me a corner in the HARKARA. My motives cannot be mistaken—they are not grounded on partial considerations; and as I know nothing of the party whose cause I have undertaken, my remarks, I trust, will be duly credited for their sincerity.

There is a Catholic Free School in Calcutta, the chief management of which has devolved on the person in question. He is assisted by a Gentleman of acknowledged intellectual powers, whose stipend is by no means adequate to his merits. Now, Sir, it was perfectly right in the "LOVER OF EQUITY" to censure a neglect on the part of the conductors of this philanthropic Academy, that unjustly withholds from a learned and respectable personage, the meed he so richly deserves. But while I honor the feelings of the writer and applaud his zeal and talents so worthily employed, I cannot but censure the illiberal and unmanly strictures which in a less meretricious cause, would have deservedly disgraced him as a weak and vindictive libeller. Was there any necessity for so invidious a comparison as the Writer has unblushingly brought to notice? If according to his own opinion, (in which I perfectly coincide) the merits of the learned Gentleman are conspicuous, and acknowledged to be superior to those of his more happy fellow-labourer, could the venomous tongue of scandal have added a whit more of argument or reason to the defence? The contest for promotion is evidently confined to two, and if the abilities of the one received not their due homage and attention, it would have been more to the purpose in the writer to state them clearly, and to endeavour, by relying on their own independent basis, to secure a just reward to the possessor, rather than to ground his triumph on the ruins of his rival's reputation.

I know (at least I expect) that my remarks will call forth a reply from my opponent in the true spirit of retaliation. The present remarks may suffice to induce him to offer an apology or a defence, and he will find me ready either to accept the one or overthrow the other.

I remain, Sir, Your obedient Servant,

7th October 1822.

AN ADVOCATE FOR IMPARTIAL JUSTICE.

\* Query—"meritorious."

#### Shipping Arrivals.

CALCUTTA.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	From Whence	Left
Oct. 8	Bengal Merchant	British	A. Brown	London	April 10

#### Stations of Vessels in the River.

CALCUTTA, OCTOBER 7, 1822.

At Diamond Harbour.—CAMOEN, (P.) proceeded down,—FELICITAS, outward bound, remains,—FORT WILLIAM, EARL KELLIE, ELIZABETH, HAHMV, FAZA ROHANY, (Arab), TRIUMPH AMERICANO, (P.) and EXMOUTH, inward-bound, remain,—BENGAL MERCHANT, passed up.

New Anchorage.—H. C. Ships PRINCE REGENT, and ASIA.

Another Ship inward-bound, standing in below the Light House, name not ascertained.

The Schooner MARY, put back, leaky.

The LE GRAND NAVIGATEUR, (F.) and ROZALIA, (P.) arrived off Calcutta on Monday.

#### Passengers.

Passengers per Ship BENGAL MERCHANT, Captain A. Brown, from London the 10th of April, Isle of France the 15th of August, and Madras the 29th of September.

From London.—Mrs. Hemptsen, R. Brooks, Esq. R. Holdsworth Esq. and Captain P. Earl. From Madras.—Mrs. Uthoff.

The LADY RAFFLES was to sail on the 3d or 4th of Oct. for Calcutta.

#### Marriage.

At Cawnpore, on the 27th ultimo, Lieutenant JOHN HALL, Adjutant 2nd Battalion 9th Native Infantry, to Miss HARRIET THORNTON, second daughter of THOMAS THORNTON, Esq. of Coel.